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IMPORTANT!! READ!!

So, I did not create this book. My friend Jaclyn did. She doesn't really use social media and she let me read this book and it was amazing! So, I told her I was showing it to many people on an app. You may ask "then why didn't she just get the app?" Well, let's just say she's a little too shy for that. She still isn't finished, so to about chapter 23 or 24 it's not continued yet. But the book is great, trust me!

Anyway, there are some errors in this book and it would be great if you could give *nice* feedback. This was her first Warriors fanfiction and it's pretty good to me for a first one!

So please do not hate! c: Thank you!

Allegiances

Thunderclan

Leader - Finchstar - A brown and red patch tom with white tipped tail and white muzzle and pale green eyes

Deputy - Scartalon - A white tom with black patches and black ringed tail and a black patch covering both eyes, sharp long hooked claws, with icy blue eyes, pelt laced with scars.A large scar leading to the haunches to the tail

Medicine Cat - Kestrelstalk - A brown and cream tom with green eyes

Warriors -

Tallstone - a long limbed grey tom with darker limbs and amber eyes: 65 moons

Thistleheart - spiky furred dark grey she-cat with lighter chest and underbelly and white face, amber eyes: 62 moons

Mosspelt - long furred gray and white tom with bright blue eyes: 50 moons

Nightstreak - a white she-cat with black stripes and pale green eyes: 45 moons

Owlfang - a big dark brown tom with lighter stripes and pale blue eyes: 32.5 moons

Breezefern - a black she-cat with dark brown paws, ears, head, and white muzzle: 30 moons

Nettleclaw - golden brown tom with dark blue eyes: 29 moons

Fawndapple - a brown she-cat with white flecks and yellow eyes: 26 moons

Acornpelt - a ginger tom with brown neck and green eyes: 20 moons

Swanstone - a small silver she-cat with grey paws and bright blue eyes: 15 moons

Ivyheart - a smoky grey she-cat with bright blue eyes: 15 moons

Russetclaw - a russet tom with white belly and green eyes: 13 moons

Apprentices -

Aspenpaw - dark grey tom with white ears and paws and dark blue eyes: 8 moons

Cloudpaw - a white she-cat with black paws and white tipped tail and pale blue eyes: 9 moons

Greypaw - a white she-cat with grey chest and underbelly, tail and paws and green eyes: 9 moons: Sister Cloudpaw

Queens -

Flowerdust - a white she-cat with dark ginger patches lining her back and amber eyes, 32 moons: Mate Owlfang: Kits - Mudkit: pale brown tabby tom with darker paws, ears, muzzle, tail and pale blue eyes, Petalkit: a ginger she-kit with a white chest, underbelly and pale amber eyes, Wolfkit: a white tom with grey wolf-like markings and dark blue eyes: 5 moons

Hollyripple - a jet-black she-cat with dark green eyes and a black bushy tail, 28 moons: Mate ? : Kits - Lilykit a golden yellow and white tortoiseshell she-kit with large round blue eyes 3 moons, Bluekit - a blue-grey she-kit with white paws and gray/silver eyes

Elders

Molewind - a small brown and white tom with yellow eyes: 100 moons

Badgerheart - a black,grey,white striped tom with green eyes: 85

moons

Stripefur - a white she-cat with brown stripes and green eyes: 85 moons

Windclan

Leader - Blossomstar - a small lithe cream and white tortoiseshell she-cat with dark green eyes: 56 moons

Deputy - Swiftclaw - a splotchy brown and white tabby tom with yellow eyes: 32 moons

Medicine Cat - Cloverblossom - light brown she-cat with white underbelly and legs and dazzling pale blue eyes: 32 moons

Warriors

Cloudsun - a white she-cat with golden yellow patches and pale green eyes: 50 moons

Stagleap - a dark brown tom with round wide amber eyes: 35 moons

Springleap - a dark brown she-cat with light grey muzzle, chest, underbelly and paws and amber eyes: 35 moons

Webfur - a pale grey tom with dark blue eyes: 28 moon

Plumflower - a smoky grey she-cat with blue eyes: 28 moon

Rabbitstreak - a white and brown tom with hazel brown eyes: 23 moon

Sagesplash - long haired cream she-cat with russet tipped tail and paws, blue eyes: 21 moons: Mother Blossomstar, Sister Rapidwillow

Foxrunner - a pale ginger tom with dark ginger chest and underbelly with white muzzle and pale blue eyes: 19.5 moon

Sheepclaw - a fluffy white tom with black legs, muzzle, and yellow eyes: 19 moons

Hailstorm - a white she-cat with black flecks and round yellow eyes: 19 moons

Tatteredclaw - a ragged dark grey tom with patches of fur missing and heather blue eyes: 17 moons

Heathersplash - a small lithe pale pinkish grey she-cat with heather blue eyes: 15 moon

Apprentices

Stormpaw - a pale grey tom with white patches and dark blue eyes: 6 moons: Mentor - Foxrunner

Flamepaw - an orange she-cat with green eyes: 7 moons: Mentor - Rabbitstreak (Was a loner)

Queens

Seedpetal - a golden brown she-cat with green eyes: 18 moons: Mate Foxrunner: Kits - Harekit - a dark brown tom with dark ginger chest and underbelly and pale blue eyes, Morningkit - a pale golden brown she-cat with dark green eyes and white paws: 2.5 moons

Rapidwillow - a lithe russet she-cat with cream colored chest, underbelly and dark green eyes: 21 moons: Mate Webfur: Kits - Rushkit - a pale grey tom with russet patches and pale blue eyes, Willowkit - a white she-kit with dark grey paws and ears and green eyes: 1 moon

Elders

Ivyleaf - a small silver she-cat with leaf green eyes: 86 moons

Spiderbrook - a long limbed black tom with brown underbelly and chest and amber eyes: 90 moons

Riverclan

Leader - Lakestar - a grey she-cat with dark grey chest and underbelly and pale green eyes: 85 moons: Oldest Leader

Deputy - Whiteflame - a pure long haired she-cat with orange eyes: 33 moons

Medicine Cat - Mudflurry - a brown tabby tom with white face and pale amber eyes: 48

Warriors

Furzepelt - A mottled brown and ginger tom with green eyes: 50 moons

Mottleddust - A mottled brown ginger tom with green eyes: 50 moons (Exact copy of his brother Furzepelt)

Rosetail - small long haired ginger she-cat with pale amber eyes: 48 moons

Mouseheart - a pale brown she-cat with white muzzle and amber eyes: 44 moons

Fishscale - a white and black tom with yellow eyes: 35 moons

Streamspark - a pure black she-cat with dazzling golden eyes: 35 moons

Duststorm - a light tabby tom with darker stripes and green eyes: 32 moons

Hazeleyes - a grey and white she-cat with hazel eyes: 32 moons

Skywatcher - a pale silver and grey tom with pale green eyes: 26 moons

Rippletail - a ginger and white tabby tom with dark green eyes: 24 moons

Blacksplash - a grey she-cat with black splashes and blue eyes: 20 moons

Hawkfang - A larger long legged dark brown tabby tom with a white underbelly and pale icy blue eyes: 20 moons

Apprentices

Berrypaw - a small long haired dark ginger she-cat with pale green eyes: 8 moons

Queens

Tideflower - a glossy sleek silver she-cat with white splashes and dark blue eyes: 25 moons: Mate Skywatcher: Kits - Palekit - a pale silver she-cat and grey underbelly and dark blue eyes. Stonekit - a white tom with grey patches and green eyes: 3 moons

Mothspeck - A small dappled long furred dark golden she-cat with huge amber eyes 23 moons: Mate Rippletail: Kits - Pikekit - a reddish brown tom with amber eyes. Sandkit - a pale ginger she-cat with darker tabby stripes and leaf green eyes. Brightkit - a white she-cat with ginger patches along the back and dark green eyes. Goldenkit - a golden tom with grey underbelly and amber eyes: 2 moons

Elders

Cherrynose - a dark ginger she-cat with blue eyes: 120 moons

Tinywing - a small grey tabby tom with blue eyes: 100 moons

Shadowclan

Leader - Shadestar - a black tom with icy blue eyes: 56 moons

Deputy - Leopardspots - a golden tom with unusal black flecks and amber eyes: 35 moons

Medicine Cat - Poppydawn - a orange tabby she-cat with pale green eyes: 35 moons

Apprentice - Grasspaw

Warriors

Sparrowfang - a red and black patched tom with green eyes and a white tipped tail: 60 moons

Frecklemist - a mottled light brown she-cat with spotted legs and blue eyes: 56 moons

Quailheart - a dappled dark grey tom with blue eyes: 56 moons

Owlsong - a orange she-cat with brown legs and green eyes: 45 moons

Branchfall - a grey tom with brown legs and green eyes: 45 moons

Whiteflower - a pure white she-cat with dazzling yellow-orange eyes: 40.5 moons

Rubblesky - a grey tom with darker spots and sky blue eyes: 36 moons

Pricklefur - a ragged spike furred grey she-cat with dark grey patches and sky blue eyes: 36 moons

Snowwing - a mottled white tom with dark blue eyes: 32 moons

Poolcloud - a pale grey and white she-cat with amber eyes: 20 moons

Toadleap - a black and white tom with a thick tail and blue eyes: 18 moons

Creamheart - a lithe dark cream she-cat with yellow eyes: 15 moons

Queens

Blizzardfur - a pure white she-cat with dazzling amber eyes: 40 moons: Mate Rubblesky:

Kits - Specklekit - a white she-cat with light and dark grey spots and blue eyes: 4 moons. Beechkit - a dark grey tom with white underbelly and muzzle, amber eyes

Featherstorm - a dark brown tabby she-cat with green eyes: 28 moons: Mate Snowwing:

Kits - Volekit a tiny brown tom and barely visible ginger stripes and

green eyes: 3 moons: Dawnkit a small pale ginger she-cat and dark blue eyes: Newtkit a mottled black and ginger tabby tom and green eyes

Apprentices

Sootpaw - a dark grey almost black tom with peicering icy blue eyes: 7 moons

Greypaw - a grey tom with blue eyes: 7 moons

Elders

Bearclaw - a brown tom with yellow eyes: 122 moons

Prologue

Hollyripple wrapped her puffy black tail around her swollen belly. She gazed at a golden brown tom with dark blue eyes grabbing a thrush from the fresh kill pile. She purred as the tom headed towards her, his dark blue eyes shining with excitement.

"Nettleclaw no need for your ignorance," teased Hollyripple as he set down the thrush, with his chest puffed out in pride.

"Why not. The most beautiful she-cat is having my kits," purred Nettleclaw settling next to Hollyripple. She nudged his shoulder in response, biting into the thrush. She felt Nettleclaw's gaze travel someone else. She followed his gaze towards a brown she-cat with white flecks sniffing at the fresh kill pile. She swallowed a hiss of annoyance, as the she-cat met Nettleclaw's gaze.

"Nettleclaw," she hissed angrily shoving into him with her shoulder. Nettleclaw eyes snapped towards her, guilt showing his eyes. "If your too busy mooning over another she-cat then I'll see you tomorrow," she growled stomping away from Nettleclaw. Hollyripple felt the sun burning into her sleek black fur as she entered the nursery. "Stupid Nettleclaw," she muttered, settling into her nest. She spotted Flowerdust, another queen sitting near the entrance watching her kits tussle. Flowerdust was a white she-cat with dark ginger patches lining her back and amber eyes. Not too soon, Owlfang, her mate joined her. With their kits running towards their father. Owlfang was a big dark brown tom with lighter stripes and pale blue eyes. Hollyripple sighed, covering her nose with her bushy tail. She felt tiny paws prod her. She peeked out from her tail to stare at one of Flowerdust's kits.

"Who are you," the kit asked rocking on his hind legs.

"Hollyripple, another queen," purred Hollyripple enjoying the kit's enthusiasm.

"I'm Wolfkit," he meowed swishing his tail on the ground.

Hollyripple chuckled as Wolfkit kicked up sand and tried to catch the grains. Wolfkit was surprisingly a handsome kit. He was a pale grey almost white tom with dark grey wolf-like markings.

"Wolfkit why don't you play with your littermates," asked Hollyripple watching the kit fall on her tail.

"Petalkit and Mudkit were being mean to me," meowed Wolfkit pawing at Hollyripple's tail.

"Why don't you tell Flowerdust and Owlfang," inquired Hollyripple gazing at the kit.

"Flowerdust and Owlfang like Petalkit and Mudkit more than me," he said sadly pressing into her flank.

"I'm sure they don't!," said Hollyripple astonished. Wolfkit looked down in agreement before stalking towards his parents. She could feel the guilt and regret was over Wolfkit as Flowerdust and Owlfang actknowledged their son. "Wolfkit is going to need lot's of encouragements," she murmured as Wolfkit told his parents what happened. She saw Flowerdust and Owlfang's surprised looks, and watched Owlfang stomped towards his kits. She heard bits of the scolding his other kits got. Their heads and tails drooped as they apologized to Wolfkit. Hollyripple sighed in content, wrapping her tail around her nose once more. Her eyelids drooped, and felt exhaustion wash over her.

X.x.X.x.X.x

Hollyripple woke up to pain in her belly. She glanced around and saw Flowerdust curled around her kits, deep in sleep. She hissed as the pain grew stronger.

"Flowerdust g-get Kestrelstalk," she growled loudly to the queen. Flowerdust woke up with a start gazing at Hollyripple. She quickly snapped out of her daze and raced outside. She yowled waking up warriors in the camp. She spotted a brown and cream blur come from outside. She felt ripples of pain travel through her belly. Finally the cream and brown medicine cat raced in with herbs clamped to his jaws.

"Flowerdust get your kits outside and try to keep Nettleclaw out," ordered Kestrelstalk. Flowerdust nodded and ushered her sleepy kids out.

"Push," ushered Kestrelstalk placing his paws on her belly. Hollyripple yowled as another spasm of pain hit her. A kit slid out. She saw Kestrelstalk nip at the sack and lick the fur the wrong way. He pushed the kit towards her belly where it started suckling.

"HOLLYRIPPLE," she heard a yowl from outside.

"One more Hollyripple," murmured Kestrelstalk feeling her belly. Hollyripple yowled in pain as the other kit slid out. She saw the medicine cat repeat the process and laid the kit next to the other one.

"You should be proud Hollyripple. Two she-cats," purred Kestrelstalk but his green eyes showed uncertain. Hollyripple gazed at the kits in disgust. One was a beautiful yellow and white tortoiseshell she-cat while the other was a blue-grey she-cat with white paws.

"One of them will have a dark future," muttered Kestrelstalk under his breath. Hollyripple barely caught what he said but didn't care.

"Can Nettleclaw come in now," murmured Hollyripple tiredly. Kestrelstalk nodded shoving herbs to her.

"Borage helps with milk production," he said before heading off. She licked up the herbs, hearing the pounding of pawsteps. She looked up, and saw Nettleclaw rushing over her. He covered her face with licks till she hissed. Nettleclaw backed off a little but settled next to her.

"They're beautiful," he murmured gazing at the kits. Hollyripple hesitantly nodded. "Let's name them unless you too tired," Nettleclaw said. Hollyripple shook her head, wrapping her bushy black tail around the kits.

"Lilykit for the pretty tortoiseshell," purred Hollyripple licking the kit.

"What about the blue-grey," he asked reluctantly gazing at the kit with disbelief.

"I don't care about it. That thing is not my daughter. Get her out of my sight," hissed Hollyripple shoving the kit away.

"It's our kit! Hollyripple," argued Nettleclaw. Hollyripple shook her head.

"Excuse I hope we aren't interrupting," asked a voice from outside.

"Actually you are," growled Hollyripple.

"Back off Hollyripple," hissed the voice. Hollyripple immediately recognized the voice. Fawndapple.

"Come in Fawndapple," purred Nettleclaw. Hollyripple hissed in annoyance as Fawndapple walked in. Fawndapple glared at Hollyripple and her kits. She thought she spotted surprise and mischievous in her eyes.

"You have beautiful kits but why does one have blue-grey fur," growled Fawndapple. Hollyripple detected jealousy in her voice as Fawndapple said that.

"Who knows, maybe one of my grandparents have it, now can you please leave. I need sleep," snapped Hollyripple. Fawndapple hesitantly nodded before heading out. "Can we finish naming that thing," ordered Hollyripple. Nettleclaw sighed.

"Bluekit," he sighed. Hollyripple nodded wrapping her bushy tail over the kits. She felt Nettleclaw wrap around her. "I love you Hollyripple," he whispered digging his muzzle into her neck.

"I love you too," she meowed after a while. Flowerdust entered after a few moments with kits in her mouth and Mudkit trailing behind. Once Flowerdust settled her kits in the nest she walked over to Hollyripple. She peeked in the nest but her face turned into horror.

"You..have beautiful....kits," stuttered Flowerdust, exceptionally walking fast to her nest.

"Kit. Lilykit is only my kit," growled Hollyripple. She heard Nettleclaw let out a miserable sigh. Nettleclaw was already fast asleep, as well as Flowerdust. Just appearing in a kitting tires you out thought Hollyripple in annoyance. But her thoughts turned towards the blue-grey kit. "It's all your fault. My mate with betray me, my former love betrayed me and to make it worst you were born," growled Hollyripple softly. "You will never be my kit."

1. Mistake Kit

Bluekit swiped at leaf, slicing it in half. She giggled softly as the leaves floated down, resting on her muzzle. She shook it off as more leaves started falling. She stood on her hind legs slicing at the leaves.

"Look at the mistake kit," jeered the kits. Bluekit dropped back on all fours her ears perked. She turned around, spotting her sister Lilykit leading the group. All the kits followed up to her. Especially Mudkit, since everyone knew he had a crush on her.

"You must be talking about yourself," retorted Bluekit walking past Lilykit and her group. She heard the kits fell silent.

"You will be sorry for what you did fox-dung," snarled Lilykit launching herself at Bluekit. She felt tiny claws latch onto her shoulders. Bluekit stumbled rolling over Lilykit. Lilykit unlatched herself and Bluekit backed away. She saw Mudkit rush at her, and felt claws graze her shoulders. Bluekit let out a whimper and fell to the ground.

"Hollyripple!" yowled Petalkit rushing towards Lilykit. Wolfkit staying next to Bluekit helping her up. The jet-black queen rushed out racing towards a dazed Lilykit.

"What happened," asked Hollyripple franticly.

"Bluekit made fun of Lilykit and attacked her," meowed Mudkit while Petalkit nodded in agreement. The queen snapped her attention towards Bluekit and snarled.

"That wasn't true! Lilykit called me a mistake," hissed Bluekit shooting Mudkit an accusing look.

"Because she was right! You are the mistake," snarled Hollyripple cuffing Bluekit harshly, her claws half sheath. She saw her mother carry Lilykit back to the nursery with Mudkit and Petalkit following

and laughing softly. She felt tears cloud her eyes.

"Are you okay," murmured Wolfkit. Bluekit forgot he was there.

"No, I'm just a mistake," cried Bluekit drawing a paw over her ear where her mother cuffed her hard.

"No your not."

"Why doesn't Hollyripple love me. My pelt contains scars from her," whimpered Bluekit licking the cut where Mudkit had done. She felt Wolfkit lick between her ears.

"Mudkit and Petalkit lied. Mudkit is a love sick cat. Petalkit just thinks if she is friends with the most likely future leader."

"Lilykit is the prettiest she-cat in the clan. Why don't you go after her," murmured Bluekit staring at Wolfkit in the eye. Wolfkit didn't answer but just turned his head away from her stare.

"Can you leave me alone," ordered Bluekit swishing her plumpy tail. Wolfkit nodded trotting back to the nursery. Bluekit stared after him. She wanted to go to the place where she can find answers. Bluekit walked slowly to the medicine cat den. Her leg stinging from where Hollyripple had cut her before. She peered into the den, smelling of herbs.

"Kestrelstalk," she said softly. The brown and cream tom came out from the shadows. His green eyes that were always expressionless now softened.

"What happened now Bluekit," asked Kestrelstalk beckoning the kit in. She stepped in cautiously as Hollyripple would come out and kill her.

"Lilykit made of me and I retorted back. Then she attacked me. Mudkit attacked me then called for Hollyripple. She cuffed me hard again," cried Bluekit. She buried her head into the tom's fur, tears streaming down. "Why doesn't anyone like me," she asked after a few moments.

Kestrelstalk looked down at her. "It's complicated." The cream and

brown tom walked to the herb storage pulling out some black seeds. "This is some poppy seeds to help you sleep," meowed Kestrelstalk all the pity in his eyes gone and was now replaced by his expressionless look. Bluekit sighed, licking up the seeds. Bluekit stumbled out without a goodbye. She saw the glares of the warriors follow her. She was used it as the warriors never did anything when Hollyripple had hurt her.

"Bluekit where are you going," asked a friendly voice. She turned and saw a brown tabby tom and a pale brown she-cat with white flecks staring at her.

"Come on Nettleclaw let's leave this mistake alone," growled the pale brown she-cat. The brown tabby tom shook his head.

"Who are you," she asked hesitantly as the pale brown she-cat kept glaring at her.

"I'm Nettleclaw I was a friend of Hollyripple. That's Fawndapple my mate," purred Nettleclaw. Fawndapple snorted at him walking away.

"Why are you being nice to me." Nettleclaw stared in horror as he once got a good look at her pelt.

"Who gave you those," he asked softly dragging his nose over the scars the covered her blue-grey pelt.

"Mudkit, Hollyripple, Lilykit, Petalkit, Flowerdust," she whimpered recalling all those memories. It was two moons ago, Hollyripple started it them the others. Nettleclaw shook his head grabbing Bluekit by the scruff. She didn't protest but started whimpering as he brought her into the nursery. She was met by the glares of everyone. Nettleclaw placed Bluekit next to Lilykit in the nest. She looked at Nettleclaw in a pleading gaze. She felt Hollyripple's teeth meet her scruff and toss her out of the nest.

"What was that Hollyripple!" Nettleclaw snarled picking up Bluekit and settling her by his paws.

"That mistake is not my kit," hissed Hollyripple curling her black

bushy tail around Lilykit. Lilykit peeked over her tail and at Bluekit. Bluekit saw a hint of jealousy and pity as Lilykit stared at her with her big bright blue eyes.

"It's fine Nettleclaw," snapped Bluekit stalking out from Nettleclaw's paws. Bluekit shook out her pelt, finally letting the drowsiness from the poppy seeds take over. She walked towards her nest that was in the corner of the nursery far from the other nest. She could still hear the bickering cats from from a distance as she fell asleep.

"Wake up," purred a soft voice. Bluekit awoke staring into the dark green eyes of Hollyripple. Hollyripple purred bringing Bluekit close to her. Bluekit felt love wash over her as Lilykit had asked her to play along with Mudkit who kept staring at her like a love sick puppy. Bluekit shook her head. This is all a dream she kept thinking. Running out the nursery and out into the forest. She heard distant mews but she didn't care. She wanted to wake up. She stopped by the clear blue lake. Her reflection was more beautiful than her real life. Her blue-grey fur sleek and her soft grey eyes that were dull were now full of excitement. Bluekit desperately wanted to wake up. She turned to see Hollyripple coming towards her, claws sheath. She shook her head and jumped into into the lake. She heard heard the frantic mews of Hollyripple and saw a paw trying to reach her but it it was too late. Bluekit was on her way to Starclan.

(*_*)($_$)

Bluekit snapped awake. She was panting in her nest. She glanced around, spotting the hunch figures of Hollyripple and Flowerdust with their kits curled up close. She crawled out of the nest, creeping over to the nursery entrance. Bluekit stared at the sky, it was almost close to dawn. She wrapped her plumy tail over her white paws leaning on the nursery wall. It was so beautiful. She felt the wind blow into her fur. For a moment she forgot Hollyripple, Lilykit and anyone who was mean to her. But her moment of thinking of her perfect life was ruined when she heard pawsteps coming towards her. She glanced away from the sky to see a dark grey tom with white paws and ears walking towards her.

"Just go away," she grumbled at the tom. The tom just chuckled.

"Why should I," he shot back sitting a few mouse-lengths away from Bluekit.

"Your just like the others. I'm the mistake, you laugh and sneer," hissed Bluekit returning her gaze towards the sky.

"Well I'm not like the others. By the way, I'm Aspenpaw," meowed the tom. Bluekit snorted whisking her tail from the paws.

"Everyone is like that," retorted Bluekit.

"No your wrong. Your pelt criss-crossed with scars wasn't your fault. If you need to talk, I'll be around," said Aspenpaw walking away from her. Bluekit sighed, she doesn't want friends. All they will do is betray you. She had learned that from Hollyripple. Bluekit flicked her tail, a white tom with black patches came crawling out of the den. He shot Bluekit a look of disgust before heading into the leader's den. The tom, Scartalon named for his sharp claws and pelt laced scars. Scartalon treated her as bad as Hollyripple, being the deputy no one stopped him. Finchstar wasn't as mean but just stood there anytime anyone clawed her.

Bluekit saw Scartalon leave the leader's den and head towards her. She swallowed, anytime Scartalon was mad he would claw her.

"Bluekit," snapped Scartalon stopping in front of her. Bluekit turned towards him averting her eyes towards his chest instead. "Look me in the eye when I'm talking towards you," snarled Scartalon. Bluekit waited for the claws but it didn't come. She felt a claw under her chin and lifted it up. She gulped as she was forced to stare into the icy blue eyes of Scartalon.

"What is it," growled Bluekit. Scartalon snorted at her but just stood there gazing into her eyes.

"Scartalon," snarled a voice. Bluekit turned away to see a golden brown tom rushing towards them. Nettleclaw swatted Scartalon's paws away and stood in front of him. "Stay away from Bluekit," he growled wrapping his tail around Bluekit.

"Why should I! Your abandoned a perfectly good she-cat all because

she looks like him," retorted Scartalon.

"I-i," trailed off Nettleclaw staring at the nursery now. Bluekit erected her ears as she heard pawsteps. She cowered in Nettleclaw's tail as Hollyripple came out.

"What is the meaning of this," snapped Hollyripple seeing Scartalon and Nettleclaw. She stared at them both in the eye before turning towards Bluekit. She advanced on Bluekit pulling her away from Nettleclaw's grasp. She whimpered as Hollyripple dropped her in front of her paws.

"If you excuse us. Scartalon you need to organize patrols. Nettleclaw stay away from me and my kits you betrayer," snarled Hollyripple pushing Bluekit into the nursery. Bluekit followed inside, heading back to her nest. "No Bluekit your sleeping with us for today," murmured Hollyripple grabbing Bluekit by the scruff. Hollyripple's eyes didn't show compassion but guilt in it as she carried Bluekit to the nest. Bluekit didn't agrue for she thought Hollyripple would claw her. Her grey eyes blinking in exhaustion trying to remember what happened with Aspenpaw. Had she made a friend, no it wasn't possible, no one cared for her. Hollyripple set Bluekit next to Lilykit, closer to her chest. She scooted away from Lilykit but frozen as she made contact with Hollyripple. The queen sighed, ushering Bluekit closer to her chest. Bluekit flicked her ears, hearing the faintest heartbeat of Hollyripple. She laid down, feeling the faintest feeling of motherly love.

"Hollyripple why did Scartalon say I look like him," asked Bluekit hesitantly. She sat up from the nest. She shrunk down a little as Hollyripple gazed at her sharply.

"No one, he is mistaken. Now go to sleep," ordered Hollyripple pushing her back into the nest. Bluekit sighed curling into Hollyripple's flank. She hated that she never got the feeling of love as Hollyripple curled her bushy tail over them. The moss was warm and soft, but she was unable to sleep. She was thinking of what Hollyripple said betrayer to Nettleclaw. He was the only one who was nice to her, she didn't want him to stay away.

2. New Strength

I reread the prologue and did realize it was sorta confusing. But I have a reason for that, I will reveal in next chapters. It's crucial to the story so I will not reveal it. ~ Jaclyn

A moon had passed by more slowly. She had begun to see less and less of Aspenpaw. Aspenpaw wasn't her friend, but Bluekit had hoped they could talk more. She snapped out of her thoughts, crawling out of her nest. Her muscles were stiff from last night. Flowerdust had clawed her for no reason, but came up with a lie when Hollyripple asked what happened. She shook her pelt, letting the dirt and moss debri fall out. The slight kindness Hollyripple showed was no gone. She had used verbal curses at Bluekit and clawed her everywhere. Kestrelstalk had patched them up but she was followed by more glares and mutters of mistake. She couldn't understand why they hated her. Lilykit would taut her by calling her ugly more often than before. And Bluekit believed her. Her blue-grey pelt displayed more scars and was tangled up with the cobwebs. Her grey eyes were lacking light. Every night she would think of ending her life, but Aspenpaw's pine sap dark blue eyes kept appearing in her mind.

She snapped out of her thoughts, walking stiffly towards the nursery entrance. Mudkit, Petalkit, and Wolfkit were being furiously groomed by Flowerdust and Owlfang. Lilykit was nearby snickering at them. Hollyripple was curled next to Lilykit gazing at the sky. They had not noticed Bluekit slip out of the nursery. Bluekit sat in a sunny spot, grooming her fur. She looked down at her pelt, a new scar appeared on her flank. Some of her older scars had disappeared, and her muscles were lean and strong.

"Let all cats old enough, to catch their own prey gather beneath the Highledge," yowled Finchstar. Bluekit looked up, noticing the brown and red tom standing on the Highledge. She trotted to a spot away from everywhere. Some of the warriors lashed out at her but was stopped by an icy glare from Finchstar. Sighing, she sat near a

bush. She tuned out everything Finchstar said, not caring about anything.

"Are you okay." Bluekit looked up spotting a dark grey pelt.

"Just leave me alone," snapped Bluekit curling her plumy tail over her white paws.

"Actually I won't, you look like you could use a friend." Bluekit huffed in annoyance, turning towards the cat. Of course, it was Aspenpaw. Bluekit shook her head, turning her attention towards Finchstar who was resting his muzzle on Wolfkit-Wolfpaw's head. "You have new wounds," murmured Aspenpaw tracing the scars lightly with his tail. She shivered, at his touch.

"Flowerdust clawed me and lied, then Hollyripple clawed be everywhere," she mewed softly flinching as Aspenpaw traced a new scar she got. "Who's your mentor," asked Bluekit determined to get the sadness in the air out.

"Tallstone." "But you know he is old but has a crush on Thistleheart," added Aspenpaw seeing Bluekit physically flinch. Tallstone was the one who chatted with others to murder Bluekit but Finchstar got ahold of his plans.

"Thistleheart is Tallstone's littermate from a different litter mousebrain," muttered Bluekit glancing at Thistleheart and Tallstone. Sighing, she spotted Aspenpaw's somberly look.

"Apprentice ceremony is over," muttered Aspenpaw brushing his tail against her back in a goodbye before racing to the new apprentices. Bluekit stared after him, his dark grey pelt disappearing into the crowd, only his white ears were able to be seen.

"Two more moons till I'm apprenticed," muttered Bluekit stalking towards the fresh-kill pile. She nosed through old voles and squirrels hoping for a dove. She wagged her tail in happiness as she found a dove. Bluekit grabbed the dove, avoiding any warriors or apprentices. She sat in the sunny spot she was in before, tearing into the dove. She loved the soft and juicy flesh. Bluekit looked up, spotting a pale brown tom coming towards her. She looked down

and bit into the dove.

"Hey! Uglykit, I'm going to need the dove of yours," snapped the tom. Bluekit automatically recognized the voice, Mudpaw.

"Find your own," retorted Bluekit looking up again.

"I can't, Lilykit is craving a dove."

"Then find one you lazy mouse-brain. You should get a clue that Lilykit doesn't like you," hissed Bluekit looking back at her dove. She could feel the frustration wash over Mudpaw. He snatched the dove up and walked triumphantly back towards Lilykit. Bluekit growled and pounced on him. She pushed him to the ground, grabbing the dove back. She smirked and walked off Mudpaw, padding back to her sunny spot. She didn't hear the pounding of pawsteps as Mudpaw launched himself and landed on her back. Bluekit yelped as Mudpaw sunk his claws into her shoulder. Bluekit hissed rolling onto her back quickly that Mudpaw didn't have time to jump off. She squashed him with her weight, which wasn't that much.

Bluekit shot off of Mudpaw, her shoulder welling in blood. Mudpaw shot her a dangerous look as Finchstar arrived with the warriors huddled around them.

"What happened," asked Finchstar looking at Bluekit expectantly.

"Well Bluekit attacked-," trailed off Mudpaw.

"Bluekit's side of the story first," he snapped stepping in front of Flowerdust incase if she tried to kill Bluekit.

"I was sitting there eating my dove and Mudpaw came and took it. I tackled him down and grabbed it back and he attacked me," stuttered Bluekit as Owlfang bared his teeth.

"Lair," spat Flowerdust trying to break the hold of Finchstar.

"No she isn't. I spotted everything. Now Mudpaw you lied to a leader. Your new mentor should decide your punishment," said Finchstar calmly. At the word mentor, a white she-cat with black

stripes stepped forward. Nightstreak glanced at the shoulder punctures Mudpaw gave her. His mentor turned towards her apprentice. "Pathetic," hissed Nightstreak. "You couldn't even beat that mistake! Your a shame. I'd rather have that thing instead," spat Nightstreak. She cuffed Mudpaw on the head. Mudpaw's head drooped. his tail tucked into his legs. Finchstar had retreated back to his den with Scartalon following. "You will confined to the camp for two moons and take care of the elders! And you better work hard to catch up, cause I do not appreciate slackers," snarled Nightstreak stalking away.

Bluekit had to smirk at the expression on Mudpaw's face. She could hear the bickering of Nightstreak and Flowerdust who wanted to lower his punishment. The gruff voice of Owlfang agreed with Nightstreak. She chuckled, gulping down the rest of the dove. She looked up, spotting the harsh looks Petalpaw gave her but Lilykit gave her an approving look. She smiled at Lilykit's approving look. Mudpaw was probably going to bother her forever, but in Bluekit's case, two moons in camp will mean more time for Lilykit and Mudpaw. She chuckled, she couldn't wait for that. Bluekit had started groomed her shoulder wounds to stop the bleeding

"You should really see Kestrelstalk." She jumped at the voice, hissing at the cat. There stood Aspenpaw.

"I'm fine," said Bluekit curtly gazing at her shoulder wounds.

"No you aren't," argued Aspenpaw pushing her in the direction of the medicine cat. Bluekit turned on her heels, swiping at Aspenpaw's muzzle. He was too slow to jump back.

"Just leave me alone! I don't need friends or anyone," spat Bluekit flattening her ears to her head.

"Then what will your life be! Nothing you need friends! Someone to take care of you," he retorted rubbing his muzzle with his paw.

"My life is nothing! I've took care of myself since stopped drinking milk! I am the mistake! You don't want to see hanging out with the mistake. Go moon over Lilykit cause everyone does!" snarled Bluekit lashing her tail, while her fur was bristling. Aspenpaw stood there

wide eye.

Finally he shoved his muzzle into her face. "I'm not like everyone else. I'm trying to help you but you refuse to," argue Aspenpaw.

"You want to know something. Your the reason I haven't killed myself yet. Everytime I try your pine sap eyes pop in my head and I stop! But maybe this time I'll be successful," she hissed stomping away Aspenpaw. She forced her fur to lay flat as she trotted into the nursery.

"Look it here, Bluekit had a fight with Aspenpaw," snickered a voice. She glanced around spotting Lilykit slinking out of the nursery shadows. Her golden yellow and white fur gleaming in the sunlight.

"I don't care. My life will be over and you can be the prettiest she-cat there ever lived," meowed Bluekit curtly puffing her fur up as wind blew into the nursery.

"But I am already the prettiest she-cat. And besides that was impressive what you did to Mudpaw, that tom can never get a clue," snorted Lilykit. Bluekit smirked at her, it was a start of their friendship. Maybe it was.

"I'll give you that," chuckled Bluekit. Lilykit smiled at her and brushed past her and back into the camp. Bluekit stared after her, baffled at her nice side. "I can't believe she has a nice side," muttered Bluekit staring as Lilykit snapped at Mudpaw . The mouse-brain tom tried to press against her, but Lilykit finally snapped. Bluekit flashed a grin as the broken down Mudpaw passed her. He only gave her a sharp look before disappearing into the medicine cat den. She flicked her plumy tail at him before stalking towards her nest.

It was cold and hard as always. She sunk down, adjusting herself to her comfort. She finally rested her paws on her head, gazing at the nursery entrance. Her sharp eyes could see Nightstreak chatting with Mosspelt. Somehow that strict she-cat look very nice and pretty when she is calm. And the emotion in her eyes also showed in Mosspelt's. She wished someone loved her, but it will be all over

at Moon-high. No one grieve for her, as she was hated, probably throughout the clans. She glanced away at the loving pair and towards Hollyripple. Her "mother" was staring at Nettleclaw and Fawndapple who were sharing prey. Mixed emotions shown in Hollyripple as she turned away. Hurt, Hate, Love? Love was one thing Bluekit never understanded. She sighed, and turned her gaze away. It was another thing Bluekit never received. Curling her plumy tail over her nose, she fell asleep.

X.x.X.x

Bluekit awoke with a jolt. Panting, she glanced around. Hollyripple was still sound asleep with Lilykit curled up next to her flank. Bluekit put one paw out of the nest, freezing at a crunch sound. She sighed as Hollyripple stirred but went back to sleep. Her flank rising up and down peacefully. Bluekit raced out as Hollyripple flipped around. She smiled as Swanstone was asleep on her paws. She slipped out of camp, breathing loudly as the breeze blew through her fur. Glancing around in awe, she sniffed at each tree and bushes she past.

"Maybe I shouldn't end my life," murmured Bluekit stepping out from the bushes. She widen her eyes, the whole lake was in front of her eyes. It was so beautiful. Bluekit stepped out from the forest. Her claws gleamed in the moonlight as she unsheathe her claws. She sat close to the lake, staring at it. Her reflection shone in the water. Her grey eyes shining in the moonlight that shone on the lake. Her blue-grey fur shining. For a moment there, she was beautiful. She clawed at the water, making her reflection disappear. She stalked away from the lake and sat a few fox lengths away. She wasn't beautiful, she never will be. Sighing, she inspected her claws in the moonlight. They gleamed to the point. She was never invited to tussle but yet her claws were sharper, maybe even sharper than anyones.

"It could take someones life. It will take mine, and no one's else," sighed Bluekit raising her claws. "Goodbye. Starclan will accept me and I'll be at peace." She aimed her claw at her throat and plunged down.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw a white blur racing towards

her. A few centimeters (I don't know the warrior length) from her throat, a the white blur slammed into her. Bluekit grunted at the force and was knocked down. She feebly tried to claw at her attacker but was able to pin her down. Her attacker clubbed her on the side of her head. Blood pounding in her ears, her eyes daze.

"What's a young kit like you trying to end your life," asked her attacker. To her surprise, her attacker's voice was young and soft. Her attacker shook her again which snapped her back to reality. "And what are these scars! You look mighty young to be an apprentice," gasped her attacker.

Bluekit blinked her eyes fast, trying to clear her vision. Once her vision cleared, she saw a pale grey tom with white patches and dark blue eyes like Aspenpaw. But the tom's eyes almost looked black. Grunting she pushed the tom off, shaking her pelt.

"I'm Stormpaw by the way," purred the grey tom letting Bluekit lean on him.

"Bluekit," she murmured staring at her paws.

"So then Bluekit was is a Thunderclan kit doing outside and trying to kill herself. And these scars," asked Stormpaw curling his tail around Bluekit for warmth.

"These scars came from Thunderclan. They hate me and I want to end my life so I don't have to suffer," growled Bluekit recalling all those memories.

"Why would they hurt you. Your just an innocent kit," meowed Stormpaw bring Bluekit closer.

"Who knows! They won't tell me." Bluekit shivered at his touch but soon melted into his embrace.

"You should go back to camp. You'll get into more trouble," murmured Stormpaw. He pulled away from Bluekit and trotted towards the border. Bluekit couldn't care less that another clan's apprentice was on her territory. It revealed something new to Bluekit.

3. Revealing Secrets

Bluekit didn't know how long she sat there thinking about Stormpaw. The first rays of orange and red shot through the sky. The sun peeking out of the horizon snapped Bluekit of her thoughts. She stood up slowly, shaking out her pelt. Hollyripple would be so mad, not because she snuck out but because she didn't die. Bluekit stretched letting some of the dim sunlight rest on her fur. Bluekit murmured a goodbye to the lake, before heading back into the forest. Her shoulder blades flexed with every movement. Sighing, she pushed up her speed till she was outside of the camp entrance. A metallic smell hit threw her nose. She knew the smell well. Blood. Bluekit pushed through the bramble tendrils, widening her eyes.

Injured warriors walked throughout camp, with some warriors waiting to be treated.

"Bluekit!." She flinched at the harsh tone. Looking up she spotted Scartalon and Finchstar racing towards her. Scartalon's pelt covered with dry blood and Finchstar's pelt covered with bleeding scratches.

"Where were you," commanded Finchstar shoving Bluekit towards the middle of camp. She stumbled but was able to regain her balance. She saw Hollyripple race towards Finchstar's side, her flanks heaving and scratches covering her shoulders.

"Answer the question," snarled Hollyripple darting up and cuffing her hard, making her fall. Bluekit growled at her as she fell. Hollyripple took a step back in surprise. She spotted the clan gather around. Kestrelstalk tried to run towards her but Tallstone was holding him back. With no warrior experience Kestrelstalk could fight back. Aspenpaw also gathered around, his eyes expressionless. Greypaw and Cloudpaw sat next to him, Cloudpaw pressing against him. Their eyes full of excitement and relief.

"I was out because I wanted to end my life! But that's not the question, why do you hate me so much," spat Bluekit jumping to her feet. Hollyripple narrowed her eyes in surprise but casted a

suspicious glance at the crowd.

"Hollyripple back off!" hissed a voice. Bluekit snapped her attention towards a golden brown tom. Nettleclaw. Nettleclaw stood in front of Hollyripple, his fur bristling.

"How could you do this," he asked, his claws kneading in anticipation.

"You know why! I never meant to but you left me," snarled Hollyripple trying to shove past Nettleclaw. He held. "Nettleclaw move before I kill you. And trust me, you'll see Ivykit in Starclan," warned Hollyripple unsheathing her claws.

"Then do it," whispered Nettleclaw softly lifting his head up so, his throat was exposed. Bluekit saw Hollyripple hesitate. "Well what are you waiting for," hissed Nettleclaw impatiently.

{Hollyripple's POV}

She stared into his dark blue eyes. Beautiful. They always caught her attention. Shifting slightly she saw Bluekit stare at her. That thing ruined her life. Sighing she turned back to Nettleclaw. His neck was now exposed. All those memories they had together, were now ruined. He wants her to kill him all because of that thing. Fawndapple stole him from her. She will always hate her, but as much as she wanted to hate Nettleclaw, she couldn't. She loved him.

"Come on Hollypaw! Let's go hunting," purred Nettlepaw. His muscles rippled as he bounced in excitement in front of her.

"Leave her Nettlepaw. I'll hunt with you," purred Fawnpaw coming up behind him and pressing against him. Hollypaw snorted at her. "He doesn't like you and he never will," thought Hollypaw smugly.

"Um. No thanks," meowed Nettlepaw curtly walking away, his tail held high.

"Stupid mouse-brain. Can't he see I love him," growled Fawnpaw gazing at him as he walked away.

"Maybe you should move on Fawnpaw," suggested Hollypaw curling her

puffy tail over her paws.

"Do you like him," asked Fawnpaw suddenly staring at her with her yellow eyes.

"Kinda," murmured Hollypaw looking at her paws.

"I'll do it for you Hollypaw. Your my best friend remember that," said Fawnpaw sadly. Hollypaw narrowed her eyes, her voice was full of jealousy and anger. But before Hollypaw could ask Fawnpaw was half way across camp and towards the camp entrance. She stared after her.

"Hey Hollypaw if your not busy do you want to share a rabbit." Hollypaw turned and stared into Nettlepaw's eyes. She felt her heart beating fast.

"Sure," choked out Hollypaw. She pressed her ears to her head in embarrassment. Nettlepaw chuckled slightly dropping the rabbit on the ground. Nettlepaw settled on the ground next to Hollypaw. Hollypaw purred as Nettlepaw accidently brushed pelts. He nudged the rabbit to her. She bit down on the rabbit, pushing it towards Nettlepaw.

"Hollypaw. I'm becoming a warrior soon, so I was wondering if," trailed of Nettlepaw turning her gaze towards Tallstone.

"Spit it out already," hissed Hollypaw nudging him in the shoulder.

"Will you be my mate," murmured Nettlepaw turning her gaze towards Hollypaw. He was asking her to be his mate! Nettlepaw!

"Of course," purred Hollypaw leaning into him. Nettlepaw sighed in relief leaning into her.

"I will always love you Hollypaw," murmured Nettlepaw. "I will never let you go."

Hollyripple snapped out of her thoughts an an angry hiss interrupted her. She narrowed her eyes as she spotted familiar brown fur push thru the crowd. Out came Fawndapple.

"Don't you dare touch my mate Hollyripple," she spat unsheathing her claws. That's when Hollyripple exploded.

"Your mate! He was mine first!" she growled. She turned towards Nettleclaw who was standing there innocently. "You! You said you will always be there for me! But you left me! Because that thing was born," she snarled. "Now let me through." Hollyripple pushed a surprise Nettleclaw out of the way and stalked towards Bluekit.

"Is this the reason you hate me," Bluekit suddenly hissed. Hollyripple narrowed her eyes at Bluekit as she stood up, her fur bristling.

"There are more reasons I don't intend to reveal Bluekit," she meowed softly. Bluekit's eyes softened but hardened again.

[Bluekit's POV]

Bluekit watched Hollyripple's argument with Nettleclaw and Fawndapple. She watched her push Nettleclaw out of the way and stalk towards her.

"There are more reasons," she thought as Hollyripple growled.

"Ungrateful kit, I hope you rot in the Dark Forest," snarled Hollyripple. Bluekit was about to ask what the Dark Forest was but Hollyripple darted towards her. She felt claws connect with her muzzle as it sent her flying across the clearing. She whimpered as she collapsed towards the ground. Blood dripping from her muzzle and onto the floor. She pushed on the ground to lift herself up. She stared at Hollyripple who panted and gave her a deathly glare. She glanced around spotting Nettleclaw being held back Fawndapple. Aspenpaw stood by, his eyes glazed with weariness. Lilykit sat next to him smirking. That clan stood by chanting while Finchstar retreated to his den with Scartalon just watching. Hollyripple stalked towards her like she was a piece of juicy prey and lashed out. Claws connected with her cheek and shoulder and sent her skidding towards the other side of the clearing. She landed with an oof and felt paws prod her. She opened her eyes gazing into Aspenpaw's eyes. She snarled pushing him away. Blood trickled down her wounds, whimpering as pain shot through her body. Hollyripple advanced towards her until a cat stepped in front of her.

"That's enough Hollyripple," hissed the cat. Bluekit looked up from

her paws, and saw Nightstreak standing in front of her. Side stepping Nightstreak a little she saw Mosspelt appear next to Hollyripple.

"Why are you defending that thing!" asked Mosspelt softly, his blue eyes gazing into Nightstreak's pale green eyes.

"The warrior code says not to harm kits! And what has this kit done," she hissed accusingly. "And if it's okay with you Scartalon I would like Bluekit as an apprentice when she is old enough. Mudpaw is a disgrace, he was the one who should've never been born," she added coldly turning to glare at Mudpaw who sitting nearby watching them. Hollyripple and Mosspelt stared at her in surprise. Bluekit watched the clan disappear into their nest, probably thinking of what Nightstreak had said.

"Come on Bluekit, let's go to Kestrelstalk," murmured Nightstreak turning towards her and picking Bluekit up gently. Bluekit looked down seeing her fur drenched in blood.

{Nightstreak's POV}

Can't believe Thunderclan would do this to a kit though Nightstreak as she picked up Bluekit. She had always wanted kits, and now she couldn't. Nightstreak brushed past Hollyripple but stopped at Mosspelt. His eyes were glazed in anger and sorrow. Nightstreak dropped Bluekit on the ground. She paused as she heard her whimper.

"If it's not clear enough, we are no longer mates and never will be," she said harshly picking Bluekit up again and stalking towards the medicine cat den.

"It's too bad Hollyripple didn't kill you. It would of been good for all of us." She felt Bluekit painfully glanced around seeing Cloudpaw and Greypaw bristling by the medicine cat den. Nightstreak gave them a sharp look before ducking into the medicine cat den.

"Kestrelstalk," she whispered softly looking for the cream and brown tom. He spotted him hunch over in his nest, his body shaking. Nightstreak carefully placed Bluekit a nest nearby and walked

towards him. "Kestrelstalk," she murmured nudging him with her paw. The tom whimpered before quickly sitting up.

"Nightstreak," he whimpered, his green eyes looking at her pleadingly. Nightstreak felt sympathy and pity for the tom. She let him press against her.

"Starclan is angry at Hollyripple and Finchstar for letting her do this. There will be punishments. It's been decided, he is back," murmured Kestrelstalk shuffling away from her and back to his nest.

"What do you mean he is back," she asked laying her tail on Kestrelstalk.

"The one who killed so many, including your parents. He will come back with greater forces, and will get what he wants," he hissed back suddenly. He flattened his ears to his skull.

"Go to sleep Kestrelstalk, I'll take care of Bluekit," she murmured pushing Kestrelstalk back, unfazed by the hiss. Kestrelstalk nodded and settled into his nest. Nightstreak sat there watching Kestrelstalk's flank move up and down peacefully. Nightstreak stood up, licking between his ears before walking towards Bluekit. The kit's body was shaking in harsh sobs, her fur matted with blood.

Nightstreak gazed at Bluekit sadly before shuffling towards Kestrelstalk's herb storage. She pulled out cobwebs and marigold.

"So you do remember your medicine cat training." Nightstreak turned and saw Mosspelt gazing at her sadly. Ignoring Bluekit's whimper.

"Of course, I only became a warrior for you but I guess that was a waste," she hissed pulling out some poppy seeds.

"You blame me for making you a warrior!" snapped Mosspelt stalking towards her.

"I blame you for standing by watching Bluekit get mauled! What happens if that was one of our kits! Would you leave our kits like that! I don't want to take the chance," she spat back shoving past

Mosspelt and towards Bluekit. Nightstreak sat down in front of Bluekit licking her blood matted fur. She heard Mosspelt's pawsteps leave the den and Kestrelstalk's quiet snoring. Nightstreak finished cleaning Bluekit's wounds before pressing cobwebs.

"Do you really want me to be your apprentice." Nightstreak glanced down spotting Bluekit's wide silvery eyes staring at her. Her fur around the eyes was matted with tears.

"Of course," purred Nightstreak licking between her eyes. A rush of motherly protection washed over her. Nightstreak pressed marigold over the cobwebs. She heard her whimper. "Don't worry it will only sting a bit." She pressed more margold onto the cobwebs.

"Kestrelstalk." Nightstreak turned towards the entrance spotting Aspenpaw standing there carrying two voles.

"Kestrelstalk's sleeping, come inside Aspenpaw," she meowed curtly grabbing the leftover cobwebs and marigold. She heard pawsteps and spotted Aspenpaw leaning over the nest and towards Bluekit.

"Get away from Bluekit!" she snapped stalking towards Aspenpaw and pushing him away.

"She is my friend," agrued Aspenpaw digging his claws into the dirt. Nightstreak snorted and sat at the herb storage.

"What do you want," she asked curtly organizing the herbs. "I was a medicine cat apprentice before I changed into a warrior apprentice," she meowed feeling Aspenpaw's gaze on her. She stuffed the herbs into crevice. Nightstreak sighed, walking towards Bluekit. She picked up the voles and curled around a cowering Bluekit.

"So what do you want." Nightstreak eyed Aspenpaw curling her tail around Bluekit. She heard the crunch of bones as Bluekit dug into the vole.

"I came to see Bluekit." Nightstreak snorted.

"Really if you were her friend, where were you when she was being attacked," spat Nightstreak glaring at Aspenpaw. The tom rocked on his hanuches, obviously thinking of a good excuse.

"Just leave Aspenpaw. Your long dead to me." Nightstreak glanced down in surprise. She found Bluekit glaring at Aspenpaw in equal disgust.

{Bluekit's POV}

Bluekit felt her heart thud as she said that. She stared at Aspenpaw straight in the eye. She was dead serious. Sorrow and pain flowed through Aspenpaw as he realized she was serious.

"I may be dead to you, but you'll never be dead to me," he murmured stepping outside. Bluekit looked away, flattening her ears to her skull.

"Go to sleep Bluekit, I know I'm tired," said Nightstreak with a yawn. Bluekit nodded her head slightly licking up the poppy seeds that were left in front of her. Bluekit snuggled into Nightstreak's flank as she wrapped her tail protectively around Bluekit.

"Good Night," murmured Nightstreak.

"Good Night," whispered Bluekit back but Nightstreak was already asleep. Her flank moving up and down peacefully. No matter how heavy sleep weighed on her, she couldn't sleep. She heard the scuffles of paws and the whispers outside the den. Night was already creeping in and half of Thunderclan were already asleep. She peeked out a little more from Nightstreak's tail to see Ivyheart guarding the entrance. Breezefern was curled up under the Highledge, her flank rising and falling. Bluekit knew Breezefern liked sleeping under the stars no matter how cold. It was like she was half Windclan. Shifting her weight onto the other side, she remembered Stormpaw. She never asked why the warriors were covered in cobwebs. Sighing, she spotted Greypaw slipping into the Dirt-place, glancing around nervously. Where are you going Greypaw. Bluekit flicked her ears, stepping out of the moss carefully. She froze as Nightstreak shifted in her nest.

Bluekit sighed, crawling out of the den. She paused lifting her muzzle in the air. Glancing towards the entrance she smirked. Ivyheart was asleep on her paws. Bluekit crouched, sprinting towards the entrance. She smiled as she was able to slip out of

camp that easy. Bluekit scented Greypaw's scent and began to follow it.

She finally heard voices nearby. Ducking into a bushes she saw Greypaw's tail. She peeked out, widening her eyes. Greypaw was leaning into a black and white tom.

"Don't you think someone would find out Toadleap," murmured Greypaw licking his ear. Bluekit snorted at her. Yes you stupid mouse-brain thought Bluekit narrowing his eyes as Toadleap curled his thick tail around her.

"Of course not my dear," purred Toadleap. Bluekit flicked her ears, backing up. She could use Greypaw's secret against her. Smirking to herself, she trotted back to camp. She lashed her plumy tail and crawled into the entrance. The bramble tendrils shook as she entered. As the bramble tendrils shooked, it alerted Ivyheart. But she was already halfway into the medicine cat den.

Still smirking to herself, she curled up back into the nest. Finally letting sleep wash over her.

NIGHTSTREAK SAVED BLUEKIT! At first Hollyripple would of done more damage towards Bluekit but I tuned it down. More information for Nightstreak. Yes she was a medicine cat apprentice but changed into a warrior apprentice for Mosspelt. The reason she didn't have kits before was because Mosspelt didn't want any till now.

4. Fallen for the Spell

I DO NOT OWN WARRIORS. If I did Millie would be dead and Breezepelt would be a loner. And Coriander would not be invented. AND if Coriander was invented, SMOKY WOULD OF BEEN MAULED by Daisy for replacing Floss. Or Coriander would be mauled to death.

Two moons later after Hollyripple attacked her. She had gained more wounds from before. In the last two moons Petalpaw had attacked her and sunk her claws into her belly leaving behind multiple scabs. Molewind the elder nicked her ear for finding her behind the elders den listening to a story she wasn't welcomed in. Hollyripple had sunk her claws in her shoulders close to the bone for trying to sneak out again. But that was no more it was finally her apprentice ceremony. Sunlight crept into a hole in the den, and shone on Bluekit's fur. She had continued to sleep in the medicine cat den, away from Hollyripple and Flowerdust. Kestrelstalk had allowed her as long as she had learned the herbs and helped organized it. Scartalon had purposely put Nightstreak on more patrols so she wouldn't see Bluekit at all. Bluekit blinked, adjusting her eyes to the sun.

"Get up Bluekit your apprentice ceremony," snapped Kestrelstalk from his nest. She rolled her eyes sitting up in the nest. Kestrelstalk had grown a liking towards Bluekit as she learned the herbs quickly. Bluekit flicked her ears as the brown and cream tom stalked towards her. "Go outside and groom your fur for the ceremony," ordered Kestrelstalk shoving Bluekit outside. She hissed at him and dug her heels into the dirt as she was outside the medicine cat den. Bluekit snorted at him as the tom disappeared into the den once more.

Sighing, she began drawing her paw over her muzzle in attempt to smooth it out. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Hollyripple quietly grooming her. Lilykit looked excited as Hollyripple. Her bright blue eyes were dazzling in the sunlight as it reflected of her

eyes and onto her fur. She was beautiful. Bluekit wasn't. During those two moons, she hidden away from her clanmates. Always staying inside the den only going outside to fetch prey. She had learned from Nightstreak that Windclan attacked, so that's how Stormpaw was able to save her. Also learning that, Cloudpaw's mentor was Swanstone and Greypaw's mentor was her Swanstone's sister, Ivyheart.

Petalpaw had gotten Acornpelt, Wolfpaw had gotten Scartalon while Mudpaw's new mentor was Mosspelt. For once Finchstar had agreed to let Nightstreak mentor her. Overhearing the elder's gossip as she hid behind the den, Lilykit's mentor might be the new warrior Russetclaw or Breezefern. Bluekit pressed her ears to her skull as she overheard Hollyripple telling Lilykit how pretty she was, much more prettier than that thing. Muttering a curse to herself, she began grooming her fur. Dragging a paw over her ear once she was finished.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey, gather beneath the HighLedge," yowled Finchstar. Bluekit looked up, spotting Lilykit dart under the HighLedge. Bluekit slowly walked under the HighLedge. Lowering her gaze to the floor as the warriors shot her glares. She sat down under the HighLedge staring at her paws. Her snowy white paws glistened in the sunlight the day she tried to end her life.

"Bluekit." She snapped her head up, lowering her ears as Finchstar stared at her. She glanced around spotting Lilykit-paw sitting next to Russetclaw. She weared a scowl along with Russetclaw. They weren't happy with each other. Sighing, she stepped forward.

"Bluekit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it is time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Bluepaw. Your mentor will be Nightstreak. I hope she will pass down all all she knows onto you." Nightstreak strode forwards touching noses with Bluekit. Nightstreak smiled at her leading her to the other side of camp.

"Lilypaw! Lilypaw!" the clan chanted. She lowered her ears, no one was chanting for her. She felt tears cloud her eyes but she forced them back. She lifted her gaze spotting Nightstreak walking towards

her. A look of triumph in her eyes.

"Come on Bluepaw let's go explore the territory." Bluekit nodded ignoring the crowd of warriors pushing past them to get to Lilypaw. She dashed towards the entrance, as Nightstreak's tail disappeared. Bluepaw pushed past the bramble tendrils and spotted Nightstreak sitting a few fox lengths away from the entrance.

"Bluepaw. Just because I saved you doesn't mean I'll go easy on you. Even when I was Mudpaw's mentor I am very strict. I do not care for slackers or complainers. So keep up," informed Nightstreak waiting patiently for Bluepaw. Bluepaw nodded, she was not the type for slackers. "Alright, we are going to the Windclan border." Bluepaw nodded, her heart skipping a beat. She wanted to meet Stormpaw.

"Mind if we join you." Nightstreak and Bluepaw turned around spotting Lilypaw and Russetclaw a few mouse lengths away. Russetclaw's voice was stern but also full of boredom. Bluepaw hesitantly glanced up at Nightstreak who nodded. She stifled a groan, as Russetclaw join her on the other side of Bluepaw. Russetclaw wasn't particularly mean to Bluepaw but just usually avoided Bluepaw all together. He was one of the few that stayed in the den when Bluepaw was getting attacked. They began walking with Russetclaw and Nightstreak talking in hushed voices. They occasionally glanced at Lilypaw and Bluepaw making sure they analyzed the territory. She stifled a soft sigh, she saw Lilypaw trying to catch leaves instead of analyzing every crevice and tree there was. But luckily Bluepaw didn't have to say anything, Russetclaw beat her too it.

"Pay attention Lilypaw. I'll make sure you run around this whole entire territory. And I don't want the clans telling me a mouse brain apprentice ran over the border," snapped Russetclaw spotting Lilypaw gazing around, boredom glazing in her eyes. Bluepaw sighed, as Nightstreak talked about the territories. She tuned Nightstreak out, only paying attention to the songs the birds were singing. They were beautiful.

"And here we are at the Windclan border," meowed Nightstreak. Bluepaw snapped her head up, gazing at the moor. Lilypaw came

up beside her, gazing in awe as well.

"It beautiful," said Lilypaw silkily glancing around.

"You can recognize their scent by rabbits. There prey if more focused on rabbits. Windclan cats are fast and lithe. They own a small part of our forest which is no use to them," informed Russetclaw coming up beside Bluepaw. Bluepaw lifted her muzzle up, inhaling the rabbit scent of Windclan. Lilypaw did the same but wrinkled her nose.

"Nightstreak I think a patrol is coming," murmured Bluepaw spotting the patrol sprinting towards the border. Glancing up at her mentor, she saw sorrow and fear flashing in her face. "Get back," hissed Nightstreak through gritted teeth.

But it was too late the patrol was already there. All their attention was focused on Bluepaw. She thought she could see Fear. Anger. Resentment. Sorrow. Hate. She lifted her head up proudly gazing at the patrol. She saw a pale grey tom with dark blue eyes. She looked fairly similar to Stormpaw who came up behind the tom and flashed a grin at her. Of course out of the corner of her eye, she saw Lilypaw bat her eyelashes flirtatiously at Stormpaw who winked. She stifled a groan. Lilypaw had to flirt with Stormpaw. She shouldn't be surprise.

Also in the patrol was a pale ginger tom with dark ginger chest and underbelly with white muzzle and pale blue eyes. A splotchy brown and white tabby tom with yellow eyes. A long haired cream she-cat with russet tipped tail and paws with blue eyes.

"Russetclaw. Nightstreak," sneered the long haired cream she-cat.

"Sagesplash," drawled Russetclaw glaring at the cream she-cat.

"Webfur, Foxrunner, Swiftclaw, Sagesplash," acknowledged Nightstreak an edge to her voice as she said Sagesplash. "And of course the famous Stormpaw," meowed Nightstreak dipping her head to the patrol. She saw Stormpaw flick his ear but was paying attention to a spot next to Bluepaw. Lilypaw. She turned her attention to Nightstreak trying to ignore the feeling growing inside

her.

"So, Nightstreak who do you have here," growled the pale grey tom most likely Webfur. The patrol unsheathe their claws at the sight of Bluepaw. She hissed at them, her fur bristling. But Russetclaw brushed his tail over her back.

"My new apprentice Bluepaw. Over there is Russetclaw's apprentice Lilypaw," hissed Nightstreak stepping in front of Webfur. "Don't you dare cross the border and attack her. All because of who she is related too," she whispered fiercely at the Windclan patrol who glared at her. But Bluepaw heard her.

"Hi Bluepaw." She whipped around spotting Stormpaw sitting neatly on his side of the border. His shoulders covered with cobwebs.

"Stormpaw is Webfur your father," she asked suddenly. glancing at him and back towards Webfur. She saw his eyes fill with hate. She felt embarrassed for asking that.

"Was. After my mother past he took on another mate a half a moon later. Rapidwillow, Blossomstar's daughter. They had two kits, Rushkit and Willowkit," he said bitterly glaring at Webfur.

"How did your mother past." Stormpaw shook his head.

"Those things are not to be revealed by me," he murmured. Bluepaw pressed her ears to her skull, wrapping her plumy tail over her white paws. She desperately wanted answers. All she got was hate and not answers. She tried the elders but they hate her except Badgerheart. Despite his name, he was nice to her, saying thank you when she brought prey to him. His sister Stripefur and the older elder Molewind would just snap and say stay away from them.

"Hey Bluepaw want to introduce me to your friend," purred Lilypaw jolting her out of her thoughts. She turned her head, spotting the yellow and white tortoiseshell coming up behind her and smiling at Stormpaw. Stormpaw gazed at Lilypaw as if he were in a trance.

"Lilypaw that's Stormpaw. Stormpaw this is my sister Lilypaw," muttered Bluepaw glaring at Stormpaw in such hatred that he the

cat would fall for her sister's spell.

"Your sisters, Lilypaw looks," trailed off Stormpaw not taking his eyes off of Lilypaw.

"Prettier. I look ugly. Thanks for proving that to me again for the thousandth time," hissed Bluepaw turning and stalking towards the mentors. She felt Stormpaw's gaze lingering on her and Lilypaw's glare. She settled next to Russetclaw who watched Nightstreak and the Windclan patrol whisper.

"Russetclaw why does Thunderclan hate me. Why does Windclan hate me," she whined curling her plumy tail over her paws. She wanted answers! She would die happy in Starclan or wherever if she got answers.

"Why do you think Lilypaw gets all the attention? WHy do you think I don't want her as a apprentice? I asked for you instead but all Finchstar gave me was a nod. And now I'm stuck with her," meowed Russetclaw glancing down at Bluepaw. She groaned in annoyance. That was not an answer!

"Betrayal. Bluepaw. Betrayal," he whispered and turned back to Nightstreak who nodded and the Windclan patrol. She focused on Nightstreak instead of Stormpaw who was the last one to follow the patrol. Bluepaw kept thinking of what Russetclaw said once they explored the territory. Betrayal. Bluepaw. Betrayal. Who's Betrayal was the question. Who betrayed who? Why am I part of the betrayal? Bluepaw snapped out of her thoughts, once she realized she was in camp.

"Tomorrow is hunting practice. For now get something to eat, I ordered the other apprentices to make your nests," meowed Nightstreak. They both nodded and Bluepaw stalked towards the fresh kill pile. She nosed through the old mice and voles. She finally picked out a sparrow and marched to the entrance of the apprentice den. She plopped down, digging into her sparrow. She spotted the rest of the apprentices gathering around Lilypaw nearby Bluepaw. She bit down as she heard snickers come from them.

"Hey *Ugly*paw we made you a nest outside because we don't want

your ugliness tainting us," sneered Greypaw earning laughs from the other apprentices.

"It's already tainted cause you and Mudpaw slept in it," she retorted brushing off some feathers from her mouth. That earned her a few laughs. She saw Mudpaw's face turn red as she said that. But Greypaw just looked surprise. She finished off the sparrow and drew a paw over her face. Mid-lick she saw a mad Greypaw stalked towards her.

"I have more experiences than you. Believe me I can end you right now," spat Greypaw shoving her face in Bluepaw's.

"Really, Warrior code says you don't kill to win your battles. So I was right you are a rogue," she hissed finding some new found confidence. Greypaw just hissed and crouched. She leaped. But Bluepaw leaped as well and met her mid way. They landed with a thud with Greypaw on the bottom. They rolled and tussled, hissing and spitting. Finally Greypaw pinned her down, unsheathing her claws. They gleamed in the fading sunlight. But before Greypaw could deliver the killing blow Bluepaw leaned up.

"I know about Toadleap and you," she hissed in her ear. That made Greypaw lower her claws, her eyes widened in fear and surprise. "I suggest you make some decisions because I could easily get you exiled faster than you can say mouse," she whispered. Greypaw nodded and sheathe her claws. Love was powerful than any claws. Greypaw had been stupid enough to believe her that she could get Greypaw exiled fast. Finchstar wouldn't believe her but as long as Greypaw believed, it was good enough for her.

Bluepaw smirked in satisfaction and walked past the group of apprentices. They stared at her in a mixture of hate and surprise. Greypaw took her seat next to her sister Cloudpaw, lowering her head in shame. The apprentices started asking questions of what happened. She ducked into the apprentice den, glancing around. She spotted a beautiful nest in the warmest spot in the den. The middle. It was infused with feathers and moss. Lined with some squirrel fur. Of course she knew who it was. Lilypaw's. She kept glancing around, trying to find her nest. But there were so many different scents.

"Do you need help finding your nest." Bluepaw turned abruptly finding something moving in the shadows. Out stepped Aspenpaw. The cat she said was dead to her. She shook her head stepping over a nest before Aspenpaw stopped her.

"I made your nest. They others wanted you to sleep outside. It's over there in the corner of the den," meowed Aspenpaw curtly lowering his gaze towards her paws. Bluekit brushed past Aspenpaw towards her nest. It was in the corner, isolated from the others. She settled down curling her plumy tail over her nose. She tried to sleep but her heart tugged at something. She sighed, raising her head. She spotted Aspenpaw's nest was away from the others but in the corner beside Bluepaw.

"Thank you Aspenpaw. For everything," she murmured towards Aspenpaw's direction. The tom lifted up his head, smiling at her.

"Do you forgive me," he asked hesitantly.

"Honestly Aspenpaw, I'm not sure," she sighed curling her tail over her paw once more. She didn't hear the pawsteps coming from Aspenpaw. Before she knew it, Aspenpaw shoved his muzzle in her face. He nuzzled her, then licked her cheek.

"Find it in your heart to forgive me," he whispered and pulled back. Bluepaw stared at him stunned, but Aspenpaw didn't meet her gaze. Instead he trotted back to his nest, and plopped down. Bluepaw placed her head on her paws. *Find it in your heart to forgive me. Truly Aspenpaw, I cannot forgive you* she thought. She closed her eyes, slowing her breathing. She heard the pawsteps of the other apprentices coming in, ignoring Bluepaw who faked sleeping.

Betrayal. Russetclaw said something about Betrayal. And she was part of the Betrayal. Answers are needed. Answers will be found. Bluepaw would not go down without a fight. Those answers will be found.

Hehehehehe! Stormpaw has fallen for the spell! Or has he? I loved writing this chapter, it may be a little boring but I LOVED it.

5. He is Back

Barely a moon passed since Bluepaw had been made an apprentice. She was curled up in her nest, watching snowflakes fall. She was seething in her nest, Finchstar denied her any reason to go to this gathering. Lilypaw went to every single one. Now she was stuck with Mudpaw and Petalpaw. Cloudpaw and Greypaw became warriors under the name Clouddust and Greydove. Of course Clouddust's ego went way up. Ordering the apprentices to do her dirty work and taking credit for it. And mooning over Aspenfall who became a warrior a moon early. Bluepaw flattened her ears as she heard coughing. Acornpelt had greencough, along with Nettleclaw, Thistleheart and Owlfang.

Bluepaw curled her plumy tail over her nose. Nightstreak had said no training this morning because she was feeling funny. She sighed, closing her eyes. Letting exhaustion wash over her.

....

Bluepaw awoke with a start, she shifted in her nest. She hated waking up like this. Her tongue and throat as dry as sandpaper and stomach empty for refusing to eat last night. Which was everyday, because Thunderclan would leave her crow-food, so she usually never ate at night. She stood up, her legs shakily. She stepped over a sleeping Lilypaw, her ears grazing the top of the den. She grew taller the past moon, which made her even more ugly. Her long limbed combined with her unruly pelt covered with scars, made her more of a target. She ducked out of the apprentice den, glancing around.

The sun shone on the snow, making it look shiny and silvery. There was only a few leaves left on the branches but they were wrinkled and distorted. She sighed glancing at her paws, the snow piling on her paws as she moved. She walked towards the fresh-kill pile, nosing through the frozen prey. She picked up a frozen old mouse and dragging it to a corner in the camp where the sun shone on that spot. She couldn't complain about the prey since there were barely

any but with no queens, meant more for the apprentices.

She sat on the cold hard ground, laying the mouse between her paws. She bit into the mouse, chewing slowly to get the mouse unfrozen. She swallowed, making a face.

"Hey! Bluepaw I need to tell you something." She looked up spotting Greydove racing towards her. Bluepaw narrowed her eyes, Greydove's belly was plump, more than usually.

"What is it," she asked warily watching Greydove plop next to her as if she was now her best friend.

"I'm expecting kits with Toadleap," she whispered softly, her green eyes glowing with excitement.

"Expecting Kits! Greydove, your a young warrior! And who will pose as the father! It's Leaf-Bare Greydove," snapped Bluepaw nudging half of her mouse to the new queen. The queen finished the mouse in a few famished bites.

"Maybe, Russetclaw can help me or Acornpelt," she murmured fear creeping into her voice. Bluepaw shrugged giving her chest a couple of licks. She wasn't responsible for Greydove's stupidity. She wasn't a kit-sitter. "Oh please Bluepaw! Ask Russetclaw. Please," whispered Greydove nudging her shoulder fiercely. Bluepaw rolled her eyes. Annoyance creeping into her soul.

"Fine! Can I tell him who the real father is."

"Only if you have too but try not too." Bluepaw nodded. Greydove gave her a quick lick on the cheek before rushing towards the medicine cat den. "Starclan light her path," muttered Bluepaw quickly dragging a paw over her cheek. Greydove was going to need it if she survives the kitting. She was awfully young and not strong enough. Maybe Kestrelstalk has herbs to help her. She did not want to lose her only "friend." She wouldn't consider her being super friendly to Greydove as she was a mouse-brain and annoying. The opposite of Clouddust basically.

"Bluepaw!" She resisted groaning at the voice. Hollyripple.

"Nightstreak asked me to take you hunting with Lilypaw and Russetclaw. She felt funny today," growled Hollyripple her black pelt visible against the snow.

"Fine," mumbled Bluepaw. Out of the corner of her eye she saw a black blur. Hollyripple's paw graze her ear. Bluepaw jumped back but the paw ended up hitting her cheek. Blood splattered against the snow. She hissed looking up at Hollyripple. She was wearing a smug expression.

"Don't talk back to me. Remember your nothing compared to Lilypaw," she snarled beckoning Bluepaw with her tail. Bluepaw snorted lightly. Of course she was nothing like Lilypaw. She worked hard compared to her. Lilypaw got away with everything! Hollyripple thought Russetclaw was pushing her to hard and nicked his ear to give her break. Even though she was still learning the basics! When Bluepaw came back half dead Hollyripple would just laugh in her face. She sighed following her "Mother" out of camp. She drew a paw over her cheek, hissing as the fur made contact with her wound.

"Hollyripple shouldn't you be there to comfort Nettleclaw," she asked. She knew she was dancing with danger, especially since Nettleclaw was a touchy subject to Hollyripple. She watched Hollyripple's fur bristle slowly but she didn't stop. Bluepaw watched her mother disappear into bushes, leaving Bluepaw alone. Ducking into the bushes she appeared by the lake. Hollyripple was there already chatting to Russetclaw, with Lilypaw dancing around her paws.

Bluepaw watched Hollyripple lean down and lick Lilypaw. She wanted Hollyripple to treat her like that. She wished the Betrayal never existed! She wanted Hollyripple's motherly love. Maybe she shouldn't of been born. Then she wouldn't have to face the pain of all those glares and claws. She glanced down at her scarred pelt, it was a constant reminder of what she had to face when she was a kit. And she knew it wasn't over. Bluepaw walked slowly over to Hollyripple, her step faltered slightly as Lilypaw shot her a glare.

"Couldn't find your way around could you fox-dung," sneered Lilypaw. Bluepaw didn't respond but went to sit by Russetclaw,

wanting to stay away from the cats who caused her pain.

"Why does that useless lump have to hunt with us! Finchstar should of thrown her out long ago," whined Lilypaw glancing up at Hollyripple in agreement. Hollyripple said nothing but gazed at Bluepaw with glassy eyes.

"Russetclaw do you mind hunting with Bluepaw while I'll talk with Lilypaw," asked Hollyripple lifting her gaze to Russetclaw. The tom nodded and lead Bluepaw to the Shadowclan border. Once they disappeared from Hollyripple's sight, Bluepaw took a breath.

"Russetclaw do you have feelings for Greydove," she asked stepping in front of the russet tom. He glanced down at her surprised.

"Well..She is pretty and nice but no. I only think of her as a friend," he confessed curling his tail over his paws. "What's this about." Russetclaw eyed Bluepaw up and down. She shifted at his uncomfortable gaze.

Bluepaw stared at Russetclaw sadly curling her tail over her paws. "Greydove is expecting kits, and she wants you to pretend to be the father," she meowed quickly.

"Do I have to mate with her? And she broke the code didn't she?"

"No. And the father is Toadleap from Shadowclan." Bluepaw saw relief flash across his face.

"Alright, let's get to hunting," he meowed getting up quite quickly and disappearing into the forest. Bluepaw stared after him, letting out an exasperated sigh. He never answered her. She got up and raced after him. After a while of the branch whipping at her faces, she stopped chasing after Russetclaw.

She drew a paw over her cheek, pausing as a chirp filled the air. She paused putting her paw down lightly. She glanced to the side, spotting a beautiful jay pecking at a worm. She crouched down, shifting all her weight onto her haunches, fixing her gaze on the jay. She put one white paw in front of the others until she was a few mouse-lengths from the jay. She paused as the jay turned it's

head to stare at her. She paused mid-step as the jay cocked it's head. It was waiting for her to catch it. It knew. Bluepaw gazed at it sorrowfully before leaping. She grazed its wing as it tried to take flight. She brought it down, and delivered the killing blow.

She stood up, gazing at the jay, as it bled to death. It was waiting yet it tried to escape. She shook her head, dragging dirt over it's body. She sighed, and turned to flee. She stopped once she scented a mouse. She turned around, and backed up. A huge ragged brown tom stood in front of her, grinning. She backed up slowly only to bump into something. She looked up spotting a thin grey tom.

"Look here Jay, we got ourselves a apprentice. A Thunderclan apprentice," growled the ragged brown tom. Bluepaw shivered as she felt the ragged tom's breath on her neck. She was only 7 moons old, too young to mate and let alone bare kits.

"Please don't hurt me," she whimpered curling her tail around her leg. She had no experience fighting. Nightstreak focused all her training on hunting. She felt the grey tom step out from behind glancing at Bluepaw. She got a good look at him. He was a pale thin silver tom with icy blue eyes.

"Of course we won't hurt you. Bark she is too young for mating! Besides all you think about is that! There are plenty of she-cats back at camp," snapped Jay shoving the ragged tom back. Bark hissed at him, and unsheathe his claws.

"Put those claws away Bark." Bluepaw glancing up at a sharp retort. She looked around trying to find the voice of the other cat.

"Don't bother looking for me. I won't reveal myself. Now go back and tell the Clan I am back. Hollyripple would be excited to see me," sneered the voice. Bluepaw shook her head and turned around. She picked up her unusually plump jay, and ran. She hissed as the branches whipped her face again. The rogues, they knew Thunderclan. He knew Hollyripple. Even though it was Leaf-Bare, this jay was too plump. It was like it was luring her to the rouges. Maybe a omen from Starclan? That couldn't be, why couldn't they send it to Kestrelstalk.

She shook her head and burst into the camp. All the cats stopped what they were doing and she spotted Hollyripple and Lilypaw placing their thin prey on the small fresh-kill pile. Russetclaw burst into camp right after.

"Bluepaw are you okay! I spotted you racing in the direction of camp and I followed you," mewed Russetclaw frantically glancing over her.

"What's wrong Bluepaw! Looks like you seen a Starclan cat," asked Scartalon from where he was sitting at the base of the HighLedge.

"Bluepaw you okay!" She turned her head spotting Greydove rushing towards her. The queen stumbling on her paws because of her plump belly. Russetclaw followed her gaze, his eyes widening.

"Greydove! You shouldn't be worried too much! It will stress our kits," mewed Russetclaw rushing towards her and covering her face with licks. Bluepaw caught her face of confusion but soon turned to recognition.

"You don't have to worry about our kits. Maybe they will be as strong as you," purred Greydove leaning her head into her shoulder. Bluepaw snorted pushing past them and walked slowly to the HighLedge were Finchstar was watching the scene.

"What is all the trouble you caused Bluepaw," snapped Finchstar his fur unruly for once.

"H-he," stuttered Bluepaw.

"Spit it out already Bluepaw," snarled Hollyripple.

"H-he is back. He said you will excited to see him Hollyripple," she exclaimed! Bluepaw stood there frozen, watching the clan react. They spoke in low voices, but all Bluepaw was looking at was Hollyripple's expression. The black she-cat rushed towards the medicine cat den beckoning Bluepaw with her tail. She followed and stopped at entrance of the medicine cat den. Hollyripple already went in there and heard bickering.

"What do you want Hollyripple. You know he is not your mate

anymore," snarled Fawndapple. Bluepaw rolled her eyes.

"Nothing that interest you." She poked her head in spotting Hollyripple sitting a few lengths from a coughing Nettleclaw.

"Shut up Fawndapple. Now what's so important," coughed Nettleclaw, his hunched over figure shaking with every cough. Fawndapple sat there seething glaring at Hollyripple.

"He is back. He found Bluepaw. He is coming. The Betrayal..Nettleclaw"

6. New Kits!

Nettleclaw stood there silently, his eyes glazed over as if a flashbacks of memories appeared. Hollyripple sat there watching him with Fawndapple trying to nudge him back to the real world.

"How do we know that mistake is telling the truth," spat Fawndapple turning her head at Hollyripple, her yellow eyes narrowed.

"Because it is true Fawndapple. I had dreams." Bluepaw twisted her neck trying to find the voice. But she already knew who it was. Kestrelstalk. The cream and brown tom appeared in the shadows, fear already edging into his face. She watched them whisper, too low for her hear. She backed up, bumping into someone in the process. She looked up, staring into the eyes of Aspenfall. His dark blue eyes checked up on her.

"Are you alright," he murmured brushing his muzzle along her head. She stiffened at his touch, mewling softly as he lifted it back up.

"Fine," she meowed curtly brushing past him. She heard pawsteps following her and she stopped in her path. She growled but the cat seem to not notice. Of course the scent wafting around her was Aspenfall.

"Your bones are clinging to your pelt! Your ribs are showing. I just caught a few mouse. Finchstar said you can have it after your "shake up." Bluepaw opened her mouth to retort but closed it once her stomach growled.

"Fine." Aspenfall nodded eagerly and raced to the fresh-kill pile. Bluepaw shooked out her pelt, crumpled up old leaves falling from her pelt. It was Leaf-Bare yet there are still crumpled up leaves. She sighed walking towards the apprentice den entrance. She plopped down waiting for Aspenfall to bring her prey. She focused her

attention on the medicine cat den. Finchstar disappeared into the den, probably talking about he.

"Aspenfall who's he. And what does he mean he's back," she asked once Aspenfall settled down next to her. She glanced at the mouse, it was skinny but at least it was something. She felt Aspenfall stiffen and shift around.

"Can we not talk about this," pleaded Aspenfall trying to meet her gaze. She shook her head, leaning into him. Aspenfall purred softly nudging the prey. To be honest, she hated brushing pelts with Aspenfall. It was just for sympathy. The sorrow and guilt that crept into his voice made her cringe for asking it. They weren't mates and barely were friends but Aspenfall was acting like they were friends and maybe will grow up to be simply pulled away and bit into the mouse. Hating the frozen flavor it was emitting. She finished it off in a few famished bites. Aspenfall was eating slowly pulling back so that their pelts were barely touching.

"Aspenfall. Do you remember when Hollyripple was attacking me and you just stood there," she asked glaring at Bluepaw. She dug her claws into the snow covered ground. Aspenfall just sat there staring at his half eaten mouse.

"Of course I do," he meowed through gritted teeth, lashing his tail in defiance.

"Then you remember that we aren't friends. So stop acting like you care for me. Because you obviously don't," she said stiffly padding away from him. She hated Aspenfall. She tried to forgive him but her heart didn't want too.

"Bluepaw," he growled to her. Bluepaw turned back to face him.

"Nightstreak is expecting Mosspelt's kits. You should of been the first to know but your "mentor" told the rest of the clan first." Bluepaw stared at him searching for a hint of lies. But she found nothing. She whipped around and stalked back to the apprentice den. Growling to herself.

....(Half a moon Later)

Bluepaw watched from the apprentice den. The clan buzzing around by their usually business. They didn't take her warning seriously except Hollyripple. The black she-cat was now jumpy and moody. She sighed, Aspenfall had stopped talking to her. Stopped glancing at her. And she was fine with it. He deserved it. Clouddust was sharing tongues with him, a hint of smugness glinting in her eyes as if she won. He also been flirting with Lilypaw but it was like she was interested. She turned her head watching the icicles dripping from the tree branches. Leaves started forming on them. It was New-Leaf.

Nightstreak was a moon pregnant. While Greydove was a moon and a half. She and Nightstreak had gotten into a fight, but Bluepaw did most of the fighting, Nightstreak did the crying. She sighed looking down at her paws, remembering the fighting.

The next day, Bluepaw sat there seething. Nightstreak had said nothing about having kits to her but the clan seemed happier. Mosspelt seemed excited. But today she had to face her. Bluepaw spotted Nightstreak by the fresh kill pile, nosing through the skinny prey. This was her chance. She raced towards Nightstreak, spotting her smile fade as she saw her.

"Are we going to train," she asked swishing her tail on the snow. Nightstreak's face showed no expression.

"No," was all she said. She picked up a scrawny mouse and pushed Bluepaw aside. But she was faster and raced in front of her. Nightstreak let out a growl.

"I know your expecting kits with Mosspelt," she snarled, looking for any emotion in her eyes. She saw a tiny hint of guilt and regret but that was all.

"You should be excited for me," she meowed. Her voice shaking as she dropped the mouse.

"Not when you try to hide it! And you said you were done with Mosspelt! Are you lying like you always were." She saw tears form in Nightstreak's eyes.

"I love him. Everything I did it was for him," she retorted softly lowering

her ears and tail. Bluepaw shook her head.

"You saved me for nothing. You acted. I hate you Nightstreak and maybe your kits will die prematurely," she hissed loudly making Nightstreak breakdown. The rest of the warriors turned her head and she caught a growl from Mosspelt.

"Bluepaw," he warned coming up beside Nightstreak pressing against her.

"Stay out of this Mosspelt! Your just a piece of fox-dung like the rest of the Clan," she snapped. Mosspelt said nothing but glared at her. She took no notice.

"You will just leave me. I thought you were the one nice cat. A friend. But I guessed wrong. I have no friends. Only enemies. And your at the top of the list. Now stay away from me or we will have slit throat on our paws." Bluepaw heard the tears and Mosspelt soothing words. She didn't care. Nightstreak brought that on herself. She turned and walked back to the apprentice den. Ignoring the glares and surprised looks.

Bluepaw shook her head. She waited for the guilt to crawl in but it never came. She presumed it was now she had an ice cold heart. Which was true. She cared about nothing. But she did want to make Clouddust's life worst. She had pushed her into a rabbit hole while out on patrol twisting her paw. She was stuck in camp for a half a moon. Bluepaw was suppose to get a new mentor and train again. It was like Nightstreak had brought her so far behind because of her kits.

She sighed, shifting onto her paws. Finchstar was starting to walk towards her. His eyes sadly were filled with exhaustion. She would of felt sorry for him if it wasnt for her stone cold heart.

"Bluepaw," he snapped a mouse-length away from the den. She crawled out, narrowing her eyes at Finchstar. He flashed a smile but soon faded after a moment.

"Your new mentor will be Fawndapple." Finchstar nodded and turned to walk back to his den. He spent a lot of time in his den. Breezefern ordered by Scartalon told her to bring prey to him. Sadly the moody warrior left with a few curses at him. No one had died

during the epidemic of Whitecough. She muttered a curse as a water droplet landed on her head. She folded her ears back as more started to rain down. SHe looked up, spotting an icicle above her head. She stepped to the side, trying to locate Fawndapple. She was chatting softly with Tallstone. Groaning, she padded towards her. Trying to keep her gaze low. She felt the glares acknowledge her.

"Are we going training?" she asked lifting her gaze a little. Fawndapple chuckled her whiskers twitching in amusement.

"Of course Finchstar assigned me the mistake. Too bad Nightstreak isn't here to save you. Oh wait, she didn't mean to save you at all," joked Fawndapple earning a laugh from Tallstone. Her pelt heated up in anger but she did her best to force it down.

"Alright let's go, mistake," ordered Fawndapple shoving Bluepaw in front of her. She stumbled but managed to regain her balance. She followed Fawndapple out watching her weave left to right avoiding all the bushes and stones.

"What are we doing first," she asked ducking under a branch.

"Tree Climbing or Battle Training. Haven't decided yet," grumbled Fawndapple pausing to brush a water droplet from her cheek. Bluepaw crashed into her haunches making Fawndapple stumble forward and growled.

"Watch were your going you clumsy fox-heart," Fawndapple snarled shaking out her pelt. Bluepaw resisted growling at her and stumbled after her to Training Hollow. Once they finally arrived Fawndapple sat in the middle, smirking.

"Battle Training," she hissed at Bluepaw. "Has your "trustworthy" mentor taught you any battle moves," she asked, flicking her brown tail.

"No. She spent my first moon, perfecting hunting."

"Then let's hope your hunting perfect," she grumbled. She flicked her tail to signal Bluepaw to get in front of her. She obeyed dropping into a crouch.

"We'll start with a simple move runt. Forepaw slash. Slice downward with your front paw on someone's face or body," she meowed.

"I not a runt. I am bigger than Lilypaw," she retorted.

"But not prettier." Bluepaw felt her body heat up in anger. And she did not bother to push the feeling down. "I'll demonstrate it." Bluepaw nodded as Fawndapple got into a crouch. She narrowed her eyes as Fawndapple's eyes showed anger. Bluepaw hissed at her. Fawndapple smirked and raced after him. Bluepaw stepped to the side dodging her her. Fawndapple whipped around angry. She raced towards her this time Bluepaw was too slow. She slammed into Bluepaw and pinned her. She watched Fawndapple unsheathe her claws and sink them into her muzzle.

She growled but Fawndapple forced her muzzle into the dirt. "Again," she barked and pulled her claws out. Bluepaw stood up, blood welling up on the wound and dripped onto the ground. "This time, Leap and hold. Spring onto my back and grip. Then you can take down a larger enemy. A group of apprentices can defeat a warrior like that."

Bluepaw nodded, crouching from where she was attacked. Fawndapple faced her, pulling her muzzle back in a snarl. Showing her white teeth. Bluepaw rolled her shoulders, relaxing her body. Bluepaw began circling Fawndapple which surprised her. Fawndapple rolled her eyes not bothering to follow her. Bluepaw smiled and launched herself onto Fawndapple back. She gripped with claws sheathe. It was hard to hold on but she managed. Using her hind legs to grip she started batting at Fawndapple who growled in annoyance that she couldn't shake the mistake off.

Bluepaw widen her eyes as Fawndapple dropped to the ground. She hissed, and jumped off, landing in dirt. She rolled onto her back, groaning.

"Good Job." Bluepaw looked up spotting a very impressed Fawndapple. "Don't get used to it." Bluepaw muttered something under her breath. Getting up, she shook out her fur.

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They trained all day. Fawndapple giving her a slash on the muzzle and flank. "Telling her she was she was too slow." Bluepaw muttered a curse, licking her ruffled fur.

"It's Sun-high. Let's go back to camp." Fawndapple glanced at her before heading out.

"Fawndapple's terrible. But at least she taught me something unlike Nightstreak," she muttered getting up. Nightstreak deserves the hate. She lied and manipulated. Bluepaw sighed and trudged out of Training Hollow. Her muscles ached and her paws burned. At least she learned some battle moves. About time as well.

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Bluepaw walked through the bramble tendrils that shielded the camp. It was barely past Sun-high and Fawndapple was reporting to Finchstar. Of course the leader wanted to know how the mistake was doing. Bluepaw brushed past them without a word and ducked into the medicine cat den. Nightstreak was in there. Kestrelstalk pressing on her belly.

"Maybe 3 or 4 kits. Big Litter," growled Kestrelstalk. Bluepaw pricked her ear, wondering why Kestrelstalk was in a prickly mood.

"Kestrelstalk can you dress these wounds," she asked stepping full in. Bluepaw brushed past Nightstreak without a word or a glance. She settled in a nest far from Nightstreak. She watched the cream and brown tom pull out herbs, muttering to himself.

He began dressing marigold and cobwebs for safety. "There should be better by tomorrow." She nodded and walked out. She picked up a plump mouse and dragged it towards Greydove who sat there basking in the sun.

"Greydove where's Russetclaw," asked Bluepaw once she finally settled down next to the she-cat.

"Probably training Lilypaw," she meowed opening one green eye. She smelled the mouse. She let out an exasperated sigh nudging

some of the mouse towards Greydove. The queen eagerly took a bite. Bluepaw rolled her eyes in amusement, taking a bite.

"When are yours kit due," Bluepaw asked between mouthfuls of mouse. Greydove layed back down, curling her tail over her rather plump belly. Bluepaw finished the mouse, pricking her ears as she heard a groan. She turned towards Greydove who was doubled over, hissing in pain.

"Greydove," she yowled rushing towards her.

"Kits...are.....coming," she panted, letting out a hiss. Bluepaw pushed a paw on her belly earning a growl.

"Kestrelstalk! Greydove's kits are going!" Bluepaw grabbed Greydove's scruff hauling her to the nursery. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the cream and brown tom race towards them, herbs in his jaws. Bluepaw let out a huff as someone slammed into her. Bluepaw hissed as Clouddust towered over her.

"Stay away from my sister," she growled tracing a claw over her neck.

"It's like you care for her. You were never there for her," she snarled back kicking Clouddust off with her hind legs. Bluepaw pricked her ears as Kestrelstalk called her. She turned and raced to the nursery only to be blocked by Nightstreak.

"No one goes in there," she simply said. Her face expressionless.

"I am her friend. Now move your fox-heart," she spat shoving the queen aside. Nightstreak stumbled and fell. She smirked, and crawled in. Her heart did a flip when she saw Greydove hunched over yowling in pain.

"Bluepaw. Come over here," ordered Kestrelstalk, as he shoved a stick into Greydove's mouth. "Crouch beside her, and wait for the kit to come." Bluepaw did as she told. She felt sick to her stomach. She felt useless. She couldn't relieve Greydove of her pain. She whimpered as Greydove emitted a yowl.

"Oh, Greydove your so young. Why did you have to have kits,"

murmured Bluepaw softly brushing her tail over Greydove. Greydove's green eyes were filled with fear. She quickly touched her nose to her ear. Greydove looked her in the eye, mouthing I love you. Bluepaw felt tears cloud up.

"Greydove push! I'm not letting you die today," ordered Kestrelstalk putting a paw on her belly. She heard another yowl and a bundle slipped out. Bluepaw nipped the sac, licking it clean. She nudged it towards the belly.

"Another two Greydove!" Bluepaw felt her eyes soften at the sight of another kit. Grabbing it and doing licking it till it let out a breath. Bluepaw chuckled as the kit tried to look for milk.

"No, little kit. Your mothers over there," purred Bluepaw nudging the kit in the right way. It let out a squeak and began suckling. Pricking her ears as other yowl. Another one? Bluepaw prepped for the other one but it didn't come.

"This one is a big one," muttered Kestrelstalk pushing on her belly. Bluepaw shut her eyes and more yowls filled the air. Bluepaw opened this again to see three kits nestled in her belly. Greydove was panting but her eyes were filled with joy and pride.

"This is borage to help you. I'll let Russetclaw know that his kits are born." Bluepaw nodded, scooting closer to her friend. At that moment, Russetclaw came running in. He purred once he saw his fake mate gazing at her kits. Bluepaw patted a spot next to her with her tail. Once Russetclaw was settled beside her, he gazed at his kits.

"What should we named them," purred Russetclaw licking his "mate" head. Bluepaw tilted her head. There was a black and grey tom, a beautiful pale grey she-cat with silver underbelly and chest, tail there was a big dark grey tom. He kept pushing his littermates to get more milk. She purred. Although none of them looked like Russetclaw, he didn't seem to care.

"How about the pale grey she-cat is Whisperkit." Russetclaw nodded slowly. Bluepaw noticed he didn't seem to like Whisperkit much. Though he had no say since he wasn't the father of his kits. "You

name the black and grey tom." Greydove didn't seem to notice Russetclaw disagree.

"Hmm...How about Darkkit? Or Pigeonkit," muttered Russetclaw.

"Darkkit. And for the big grey tom," finished Greydove licking each kit. "Why don't you name the big dark grey tom," asked Greydove cocking her head at Bluepaw. Bluepaw blinked at her in surprise.

"Crowkit." Greydove purred nudging the grey tom.

"Greydove, I was thinking for the she-cat, Echokit so her warrior name could be Echowhisper," meowed Russetclaw curling his tail around her neck.

"Crowkit. Darkkit and Echokit. Welcome to Thunderclan," purred Greydove licking Russetclaw's cheek. Bluepaw nodded, swishing her tail in excitement.

"Greydove Can I come in?" Bluepaw sighed. Clouddust. She couldn't say cause she was the sister.

"They are beautiful. I think you should name them Dustkit, Dovekit and Swiftkit," purred Clouddust once she saw them. Of course Clouddust would name one after her. She glanced at Greydove and saw her grit her teeth.

"We already named them. Crowkit, Darkkit and Echokit," growled Greydove curling her tail protectively around them.

"Oh. Well those names are alright. But I think Dustkit instead of Crowkit would suit the big dark grey tom," meowed Clouddust obnoxiously.

"No. He is named Crowkit. And that is finally. Now get out. All you care about yourself, now get out before I make you," snarled Greydove. Clouddust just huffed and turned away. Bluepaw sighed.

"They are very beautiful Greydove," purred Bluepaw. The new parents nodded eagerly.

"I hope you get to mentor one of them," Greydove said quietly.

Bluepaw nodded, giving her a quick lick. Bluepaw stood up, giving one last look at the kits before heading out. Bluepaw smiled to herself as she made her way to the apprentice den.

It was a good day. But the Clan won't take his warning seriously. She needed to convince them. But How?

7. Secret Meetings

Bluepaw purred as she watched Crowkit and Darkkit tussle, Echokit was waiting for the right time to jump in. Echokit and Darkkit teamed up on Crowkit since he was the bigger one. She curled her plumy tail over her paws as Echokit landed on Crowkit's back, pinning him to the ground.

"Alright you win," she heard him squeak. Fawndapple gave her a day off so why not spend it with Greydove's kits. Bluepaw walked towards them, smiling as the kits abandoned their tussle and raced towards her. She let out a yowl of surprise and she was ambushed by the kits. She playfully dropped to the ground, growling as Crowkit batted at her belly. She let out a laugh as Echokit jumped on her. But suddenly they stopped. Bluepaw look up confused. She spotted Darkkit walking towards her.

"Can you laugh again," he asked plopping down in front of her. His round pale blue eyes held innocent features she never had when she was a kit.

"You like my laugh," purred Bluepaw gently pushing off a nodding Echokit.

"You should laugh more often," meowed Echokit eagerly.

"I have nothing to laugh at." She nudged a growling Crowkit who tried to catch her tail. The big grey tom seem to ignore the conversation they had. None of the kits had Greydove's green eyes. Crowkit seemed to have blue eyes with tinges of green in them. Echokit had dark blue eyes, and she could tell Echokit might be a heart-breaker.

"Why not, we can make you laugh," meowed Darkkit seriously. Bluepaw looked at him, he was young but acted so mature except for those kit fights. Bluepaw sighed shaking her head.

"That's a story for Greydove to tell you when your old enough,"

purred Bluepaw. She tried to sound happy but couldn't. She didn't want these innocent kids to know about her past or what was happening right now. "Alright let's get you to Greydove and Russetclaw," murmured Bluepaw getting up and stretching.

"Can I ride on your back Bluepaw," asked Echokit plopping in front of her, her littermates following suits. Their eyes were round with pleading.

"You should know those looks don't work on me," meowed Bluepaw seeing disappointment in their eyes. "But alright." She crouched down to the floor, letting the kits clamber on to her. Echokit first, then Darkkit and finally Crowkit.

"Oh Starclan, You guys weigh a lot. Lay of the milk," teased Bluepaw getting to her paws slowly. She felt someone batt her ears followed by purrs. "Hang on tight!" Bluepaw trotted past the purring warriors and straight to the fresh kill pile. Bluepaw veered left to right, hearing the yowls of joy the kits emitted. She felt her heart warm up, as she got to the purring parents. Greydove was smiling and Russetclaw was purring as the kits got off and started attacking him.

"Having fun there Bluepaw," joked Greydove nudging her shoulder as Bluepaw plopped down panting.

"Of course Bluepaw had fun with us," Crowkit meowed trying to sound sad as if his pride had been hurt.

"Your putting words in her mouth Crowkit," purred Greydove batting Crowkit over the ears playfully. Bluepaw nodded and watched Russetclaw lay on his back so the kits can play.

"Greydove," she meowed getting serious now. Greydove turned towards her smiling, but faded once she saw how serious she was. "Don't tell the kits about my story, not until they're old enough." Greydove nodded licking her ears.

"Of course Bluepaw, anything for my friend." Bluepaw nodded, bidding farewell to the kits. She trotted towards the camp entrance, deciding to do some hunting.

"You'd make a great mother." Bluepaw froze glancing around for the voice but couldn't find the cat. Lifting her muzzle to the air, she caught no scent of a cat but wild garlic. Bluepaw shook her head and headed out. She went deeper out into the forest, stopping as she heard branches snap. Turned her head, she saw a vole nibbling on the seed. She dropped into a crouch, making sure all the weight was on her hind legs and her tail was straight. She stalked towards it, pausing as the vole lifted it's head. After a few moments the vole turned back to it's seed. That's when Bluepaw pounced. It let out a squeal but Bluepaw bit it's neck.

Bluepaw looked proudly at her kill, dragging dirt over it. Bluepaw trotted towards the Windclan border hoping to catch some stray rabbits. She ducked under a bush and saw the border. A whiff of the Windclan border made her wrinkle her nose.

"Us Windclan cats don't smell that bad." Bluepaw turned her head, narrowing her eyes. A familiar pale grey pelt with white patches stood in front of her. Stormpaw.

"Have you smelled yourself," she retorted glaring at Stormpaw who seemed to not be phased by it.

"Nice to see you to Bluepaw," he meowed, smiling. She rolled her eyes slightly, lashing her tail behind her.

"Stormpaw," she drawled.

"What brings you to the Windclan border? Were you looking for me," he asked waggling his eyebrows.

"Trying to catch stray rabbits. And No," she grumbled. "Besides where is Flamepaw," she muttered catching a hint of sadness in Stormpaw's dark blue eyes.

"Flamecloud," he corrected. Bluepaw rolled her eyes. She froze when Stormpaw stook one step over the border, to examine her.

"You got new scars," he murmured tracing the scar on her flank lightly with his tail. She shivered, spotting anger and hatred in his eyes.

"My new mentor. But Please get off of Thunderclan territory," she growled shoving Stormpaw back onto Windclan territory. Stormpaw stumbled, falling on his haunches. He narrowed his eyes.

"Why can't you just appreciate that I'm trying to help you," he spat fluffing his fur. Bluepaw flinched, her eyes visibly softening.

"Because, I have trouble trusting people. Greydove is my only friend. Thunderclan has scarred me over and over. And you think I can just befriend you immediately," she retorted softly. Stormpaw eyes softened but hardened once more.

"Then meet me here at Moonhigh. Please Bluepaw." She shifted her paws, sighing.

"Fine." She looked at Stormpaw hopefully but he didn't budge.

"I'll believe it when I see it," he growled. Bluepaw snorted and stalked back into the ferns.

Grumbling something under her breath, she caught two mice and a sparrow. Bluepaw picked up the mice by the tail and the sparrow. She trotted back to camp, brushing past a bickering Russetclaw and Lilypaw. It was Sunhigh as she placed the prey onto the pile. The sun was at its highest and started to shine on the leaves. The sunlight shone on Highledge where a dozing Finchstar laid. Breezefern snapped at a Tallstone who tried to flirt with her. She chuckled, Breezefern was probably her favorite warrior in camp.

She may be moody and snarky but that was because she never wanted a tom to flirt with her. Breezefern was a very beautiful she-cat, with her sleek glossy black fur. Her dark brown ears and paws blended well with her pelt making her look pure black. And her pale green eyes shone in the sunlight making it look like a yellow-green color. She hoped for her as a mentor but she got Fawndapple. Bluepaw desperately wanted to know why she refused to let a tom get near her. Bluepaw never heard any warrior talking about her being a great mentor. Did Breezefern ever get an apprentice?

Bluepaw shook her head, picking off a sparrow and dragging it towards the nursery. She heard laughing and squeals of joy.

Bluepaw poked her head in, spotting kits attacking something. She stepped in spotting Greydove chuckling. Bluepaw stalked towards them dropping the sparrow at her paws. The kits didn't even acknowledge her as she walked past them.

"Oh! Thank you Bluepaw!" Bluepaw blinked graciously at her. She heard the scuffling stop and instead there was silence. She heard a groan and her head whipped around. Lilypaw was there and she was wrapped around the kits. Her eyes were horrified. Bluepaw followed her gaze, spotting a hunched over Nightstreak groaning.

"She's Having her kits!" yowled Bluepaw. She turned to frozen queen and Lilypaw. "Lilypaw! Get the kits out! Greydove find me a stick," she ordered turned her head back to Nightstreak. She placed a paw on her belly.

"Where's Kestrelstalk," Bluepaw asked.

"Out collecting herbs," she managed to groan. Bluepaw muttered a curse. She heard rush pawsteps and saw Greydove holding a stick in her jaws.

"Greydove stay with her. I need to get herbs," she meowed quickly and raced out. She was a blur to the others as she ducked into the medicine den. She pulled out the herbs stuffed in the crevice looking for raspberry leaves and borage.

"Come on Bluepaw where is it," she growled to herself. She swished her plumy tail in happiness as she found it. She grabbed a bunch in her jaws and raced out only to fall on her haunches. She looked up at Aspenfall his eyes expressionless.

"What are you doing," he rumbled glancing at the scattered herbs on the floor.

"Nightstreak is kitting," she hissed through a mouthful of herbs and pushed past Aspenfall. The rest of the warriors were crowding her as she shoved her way through. She felt a pelt brush against her and saw Aspenfall hissing at the warriors to move. She ducked into the medicine cat den seeing Mosspelt whispering assuring words to her mate.

"Mosspelt out!" He glanced up pulling her muzzle back into a snarl. "You'll put her into stress and you don't want her to do that." Mosspelt reluctantly let Greydove escort him out. Bluepaw sighed, shoving raspberry leaves towards her. Nightstreak gladly lapped them up. Her body gave a shudder. Bluepaw shoved the stick into her jaws, pressing a white paw on her belly.

"Push!" Nightstreak let out a yowl and splintered the stick. A kit slipped out, and she bit the sack, licking it. She placed the kit at her belly. She placed a paw on her and she felt at least one more.

"There's another one Nightstreak. Your almost done." Nightstreak glanced at her, a shudder traveling through body. Nightstreak let out a groan, her head laid on the nest. Bluepaw saw another kit slip out. She nipped the sac, licking the fur the wrong way. She pushed the borage leaves towards her and she gladly lapped them up.

"A tom and she-cat," she purred and nodded for Greydove to let Mosspelt in. Mosspelt settled next to her, purring. There was a grey tom with black stripes nestled and a brown tabby she-cat with white paws and chest. But something was wrong. Mosspelt was looking at the she-cat in disgust. Nightstreak seemed to notice that too.

"Let's name them," she purred nudging Mosspelt.

"Graykit," he muttered.

"Oh come on, that is original,"teased Mosspelt nudging him affectionately.

"Pebblekit." Bluepaw rolled her eyes, but Nightstreak seemed to accept the name and she nudged the tom. Bluepaw scooted closer despite Mosspelt's low growl. She leaned in and widen her eyes. The she-cat had a twisted paw.

"And the she-cat?" Mosspelt seemed to hiss in disgust.

"Leafkit," chimed in Bluepaw. She lowered her ears as Mosspelt spat at her.

"Leafkit and Pebblekit welcome to Thunderclan," purred Nightstreak

but was stopped abruptly. She turned to see Kestrelstalk panting by the entrance. He raced in here stopping at Nightstreak.

"I heard the yowls and thought you were kitting. Why did none of you mouse-brain-." Kestrelstalk looked down in surprise. "Oh." Bluepaw saw Kestrelstalk glance at her and back at the kits. "Good Job." Bluepaw brightened up but seemed to dimmer at Mosspelt's next words.

"That little mistake ruined my kits paw! Look it's twisted and now deformed," growled Mosspelt unsheathing his claws. Kestrelstalk hissed at him and took a closer look at Leafkit. He nudging her paw making her squeak.

"No she didn't. Leafkit seemed to twist in the wound during some sort of scuffle," he informed backing away. Mosspelt seemed to sit back and glare at the two. Bluepaw turned and headed out. Her former mentor had her enemies kits. She ignored Greydove and the kits. She went to the apprentice and ducked in. She plopped down on her nest which was further away from everyone else. Admitting to herself the kits were adorable, but Leafkit would have a hard life. Especially with Mosspelt as a father. Bluepaw knew she couldn't be there to save her. Leafkit had to figure out her own life. Whether Bluepaw cared or not, she would always be there for the deformed and the mistakes. They should be treated normally not like some piece of crow-food. She sighed, curling up and she fell into a deep sleep.

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Bluepaw opened her eyes. She raised her head, glancing around. The rest of the apprentices were sleeping, their flanks rising up and down. She almost let out a gasp, remembering what she was suppose to do at Moonhigh. She carefully stepped over a sleeping Lilypaw and hurried outside. Thistleheart was guarding tonight, her eyes wary with sleep as she tried to stay awake. Bluepaw carefully trotted towards the entrance, nodding at Thistleheart who seemed nonchalant about letting her leave. She shrugged as she slipped out of camp. Thistleheart could care less of what happened to her. She'd be grateful if Bluepaw got killed by a fox.

Bluepaw hurried towards the Windclan border. She ducked under a branch as she appeared by the Windclan border. There was no Stormpaw only his scent leading further up the border. Bluepaw sighed shaking her pelt. The smell of ferns clump to her pelt as she walked along the border only for the scent to stop. She muttered a curse, stomping a paw down. She heard a rustle behind her. Growling she whipped around to see a vole rush out. She sighed.

Stormpaw's POV

Stormpaw sat on a branch, watching Bluepaw closely. She actually came! His heart skipped a beat when he saw Bluepaw emerge from a bush. The scent of ferns clump to her pelt. Stormpaw sat there dazed. Her blue-grey fur turned a silver in the moonlight. Her grey eyes shone as she walked past him. He watched in amusement as Bluepaw whipped around only for a vole to rush out. He smiled, gathering up his weight. And he pounced.

Bluepaw's POV

Bluepaw felt paws push on her shoulder. She let out a groan as she fell to the ground. She batted at her attacker, growling. Hearing a snort of amusement, she opened one eye. Stormpaw was looming over her, amusement lighting in his eyes.

"What were you doing in a tree Stormpaw," hissed Bluepaw shoving him off. She stood up, shaking off the dirt from her pelt.

There was a snort. "There are a lot of things you don't know about me Bluepaw." Bluepaw muttered a curse and launched herself at him. Her paws hit her shoulder and he fell back with a grunt. Bluepaw let out a laugh as Stormpaw tried to find his way out from a clump of ferns. "I'll get you for that," he growled playfully and leaped. Bluepaw met him midway batting at his muzzle. She was able to pin him down for a moment before he kicked her out. Bluepaw landed a little away from Stormpaw. Bluepaw sat up, a little dazed from the last move. Stormpaw let out a purr, licking her cheek. Bluepaw froze and he heard an uncomfortable cough from Stormpaw. Bluepaw smiled at him, pushing him. Stormpaw seemed to look up, smiling back.

"Come on, let's sleep before I fall asleep during training," meowed Bluepaw nudging his shoulder. She made a quick makeshift and settled down. It was next between some roots. She felt a pelt press against her. She froze but soon relaxed when she felt Stormpaw's gentle tongue rasping over her pelt. She sighed, curling into him. After a few moments, she fell asleep. Soon, she felt Stormpaw rest his head on her shoulder. They didn't notice a pair of angry eyes staring at them from a bush.

8. Where Are You?

Two moons have passed. Bluepaw was now 11 moons old. Greydove's kits were 3 moons old and Nightstreak's kits were 2 moons. During those two moons, Stormpaw and her met up every other day. She enjoyed his company and was bursting with joy when he got his warrior name. Stormfang. But something was bothering Stormpaw and she knew why. His half siblings, Rushpaw and Morningpaw. Stuck up apprentices with additudes, at least that's what she heard from Stormfang.

She sighed, enjoying the warm breeze blow past. She heard a cry of alarm. Her eyes snapped open and saw Pebblekit pining down Leafkit putting more pressure on her twisted paw. Mosspelt sat there, pride glowing in his eyes. That little monster is encouraging Pebblekit. Growling, she stalked over, shoving Pebblekit off. She placed a paw on the now terrified kit.

"Don't you ever hurt Leafkit or you will deal with me," she spat and shoved him away. She turned her head to a mewing Leafkit who was clutching her paw. Her eyes softened and nudged the kit. "You alright?" Leafkit looked at her with round eyes that were brimmed with tears. Bluepaw licked her head, bringing the kit close to her. She wrapped her plumpy tail around the kit, as she cried.

"Bluepaw!" She looked spotting Mosspelt stalking towards her, Pebblekit trailing behind him. Triumph brimming in Pebblekit's eyes. He paused, shoving his muzzle in her face. "How dare you hurt my kit!"

"How dare you let your monster of a kit hurt Leafkit," she retorted. Pebblekit stalked up, growling.

"I'm not a monster." Bluepaw looked down pulling her muzzle back in a snarl making him hide under Mosspelt.

"What these kits do is none of my business!" Bluepaw snorted grabbing Leafkit and stalking away. She hit Mosspelt's nose with her

tail before walking towards the apprentice den. She settled the brown tabby kit down licking her face.

"Why do they hate me!" she whined digging her head into Bluepaw's leg.

"I don't know," Bluepaw lied. She felt a queasy feeling in her stomach as she lied. Leafkit looked up at her with her green eyes. Pebblekit had blue eyes.

"Bluepaw!" She whipped her head to see Crowkit racing towards her, his littermates trailing behind. Leafkit let out a whimper and she covered the kit with her tail

"Crowkit. Darkkit. Echokit how are you?"

"Great!" squeaked Darkkit trying to climb onto Bluepaw. She purred once Darkkit touched his nose to her ear. Another whimper was heard.

"What was that?" asked Crowkit pricking her ears. Echokit being the smarter one stalked around to her tail. She batted Bluepaw's tail away to see Leafkit trying to back up more into her fur.

"Leafkit? Why were you crying," asked Echokit gently. The she-kit pushed Leafkit out, sitting beside her in support.

"Pebblekit hurt my paw."

"Pebblekit is a mouse-brain," piped in Darkkit crouching in front of Leafkit. The kits nodded in agreement but Crowkit wasn't saying anything. "Pebblekit likes Echokit but we know our sister won't give a fox dung for hurting you." Leafkit laughed, smiling at Darkkit who wriggled his hanuches.

"Leafkit do you want to play with us?" asked Crowkit smiling at the brown tabby. Leafkit looked up at Bluepaw who nodded. She nodded and Crowkit and Darkkit lead Leafkit away. She glanced down at Echokit who watched them go.

"Can you come play with us?" Bluepaw shook her head.

"I have my early assesment before my warrior one is a moon." Echokit seemed to understand before rushing away. Bluepaw called after her softly. "Watch Leafkit. Make sure Mosspelt and Pebblekit don't hurt her." Echokit smiled her dark blue eyes shining.

"I want Leafkit to be my best friend." Bluepaw watched Echokit scurry away, joining in the tussling. She pinned down Leafkit softly but after a few moments she let the kit up.

Bluepaw glanced at them before walking towards the camp entrance. Fawndapple was waiting for her, staring at the laughing kits. Lilypaw was beside her fidgeting. Her sister had grown more beautiful. Her golden and white fur was sleek and her cheeks were more angular. Making her look more mature.

"Russetclaw would not be joining us. But Aspenfall will take his place," announced Fawndapple once the dark grey tom took his place beside Fawndapple.

"Lilypaw. Fawndapple," he mewed cooliy. He turned to Bluepaw, flicking his tail. "Bluepaw. She did her best not to stare into his emotionless eyes but a voice made her look away.

"Aspenfall!" the voice called out. Bluepaw caught a glimpse of white and black fur before she was being shoved away. Clouddust. The she-cat pulled her lips back into a snarl before turning to Aspenfall. Her expression changed, it was more soft and loving. "Be careful, you don't know what that mistake can do to you," she purred softly rubbing muzzles with him. It emitted a soft snort from Fawndapple and Lilypaw. Aspenfall's eyes flared up.

"Don't you have something to do," he asked through gritted teeth. Clouddust eyes lite up, smiling softly before turning away. Shooting her a glare before trotting to Scartalon. To her surprise Aspenfall, walked towards her. He nudged her up, flashing a quick smile.

"Sorry about Clouddust." Bluepaw nodded at him, looking up expecantly at Fawndapple who watched them with calm collected yellow eyes.

"Come on, let's go to Training Hollow," meowed Fawndapple before

slipping outside. Bluepaw let Lilypaw slip out before follow suit. She smelled Aspenfall's scent writhing around her once they were outside. She let herself trail the rear, assuring that Aspenfall was still next to her. She glanced to the side seeing Aspenfall glance around.

"Is Clouddust your mate?" she asked softly sneaking a glance at Fawndapple who was bickering with Lilypaw. Aspenfall turned to her, something flashing in his eyes before disappearing.

"No. But she thinks we are." He shook his head, staring at his paws. "I don't like her. She is too clingy and rude." Bluepaw snorted.

"For once we agree." Aspenfall smirked at her making Bluepaw smile back.

"You mean you agree that she isn't my mate. And your glad?" Bluepaw resisted a look of horror.

"N-N-No that's not what I meant," she stuttered. But she saw amusement and a different emotion flicker in his eyes. "Your a mouse-brain," growled Bluepaw playfully batting at him. Aspenfall dodged, letting out a laugh. Bluepaw smiled which Aspenfall gadly returned. They stared at each other until a cough broke the silence. Bluepaw glanced around to see Fawndapple and Lilypaw each plastered with a smirk. She felt her pelt heat up as she glared at them.

"Now, Finchstar told me to switch mentors. But since Russetclaw isn't here, Aspenfall would take his place in watching Bluepaw. I will watch Lilypaw. You will not see us, but we will be there. Now, you must catch at least 1 squirrel and two other catches of prey. Understood." Fawndapple narrowed her yellow eyes to slits as she watched the apprentices fidgeted. But they nodded. "Now Good Luck."

Bluepaw nodded and slinked out. She trotted towards the Windclan border hoping to find a stray rabbit. She pricked her ears, hearing something scuttle in a nearby bush. Lifting her muzzle into the air, she smelled a rabbit. She grinned, moving steathily to the Windclan border. By the border was a rabbit scuffling in some ferns. She

dropped a crouch, carefully putting one paw in front of the other. She stopped once the rabbit turned to glance around. She felt Aspenfall's eyes as she moved one step to kill it. She leaped, trapping it between her paws, giving it the death blow. Bluepaw let out a sigh, dragging the dirt over the rabbit.

Bluepaw looked up, hearing approaching footsteps. She glanced at the Windclan border to see a 4 figures running towards the border. She quickly raced out, going deeper into the forest. She paused once she was far away from the Windclan border. She paused, erecting her ears. Soft pawsteps patered on the ground, turning her head towards the roots of a oak tree. A plump squirrel sat there, it's bushy tail curled around it's back. Bluepaw flicked her tail, crouching down. She took a pawstep, hissing as her paw brushed a twig. The squirrel looked up and started darting up the tree. Bluepaw darted forwards, latching her pawsteps into the hold. She started climbing up, seeing the squirrel race forward onto a branch, launching itself onto the other branch.

Bluepaw carefully stepped onto the branch, racing forward once it stopped wobblying. Launching herself onto the the other tree branch. She let out a growl of success once neared the squirrel. With one last leap she caught the squirrel by the tail, almost falling out of the tree. It let out a squeal but was ended adbrutly with a snap of it's neck. Bluepaw smiled, taking a pawstep forward. Before she knew it, she was falling out of the tree. She let out a yelp of surprise trying to scrap her claws on the branches. But it was too late. She snapped her eyes closed, waiting for her body to make impact with the ground.

She waited but if didn't come. Teeth latched onto her scruff, pulling her roughly to the side. She tumbled into some ferns, the squirrel clamped shut. She let out a wail and feebly clawed at her attacker but it pinned her down.

"Bluepaw! Open your eyes," the voice commanded harshly. Bluepaw opened one grey eye, to see Aspenfall looming over her. His fur was ruffled and his eyes flared with annoyance. "Honestly I thought you would know better than to walk out of a tree," he hissed but recoiled when Bluepaw flinched. She drew away, sighing miserably.

"I'm sorry Bluepaw for snapping. You could of gotten seriously injured," started Aspenfall putting his muzzle on her head. Bluepaw froze as Aspenfall backed away, his dark blue eyes leveled with hers. "I'll bury that squirrel, you continue your assesment," he sighed talking the squirrel. Bluepaw brushed muzzles with him, giving his turn to freeze. She smiled softly before padding past him.

He was only a cat. A cat that befriended her when she was a kit. He saw past her scarred pelt and her snappy attitude. After the fight with Hollyripple, he came back. After she fought with him, he still came back. Did he love her? Did she love him? But Stormfang. Did she love him enough to join his clan. Did he love her enough to run away to be together. She heard the story of Juniperheart and Shadowpelt. Juniperheart was a medicine cat and Shadowpelt was from Windclan. She left her position to be with him and he joined Thunderclan to be with her. Everyone in Thunderclan saw that they were destined to be together. Was Stormfang destined to be with her or Aspenfall. Or was she destined to be alone?

Bluepaw shook her head, clearing her thoughts. Aspenfall should be done burying the squirrel and soon caught up to her. Lifting her muzzle into the air, she smelled a vole. She ducked into a nearby bush, hearing scampering up ahead. She poked her head out, seeing the vole straight ahead sniffing at something. Getting into a crouch, she lowered herself close to the ground. Putting one pawstep in front of the other, she leaped. The vole let out a squeak of surprise and tried to race off, but Bluepaw was quicker. She crushed it's spine, smiling as it laid limp. She stared at the vole, not noticing a shadow looming over her.

"Fawndapple go away," she snapped. Hearing no response, Bluepaw lowered her ears. She turned around to see a huge russet paw hit her. It sent her skidding towards the other side of the clearing. Blinking the blurryness from her eyes, she saw a fox stalking towards her. Bluepaw let out a yelp of surprise and quickly scrambled to her paws. The fox swished it's busy tail on the ground, licking it's teeth in malice. Bluepaw let out a low growl, and leaped towards it. She hit him in the shoulder with her paws, digging them into it's skin. The fox fell to the ground trying to snap at her.

Bluepaw ducked to avoid it's paw only to know it was a mistake.

The fox leaned it grabbing her paw, sinking it's fangs into it. Bluepaw let out a yowl, kicking it's jaw. Blood poured from the fox's mouth as it let go. (He bit his tongue). Bluepaw staggered away, blood dripping from her paw. The fox took no time in recovering and raced towards her. Bluepaw leaped, twisting in the air and landing on it's back. Sinking her hind claws into it's back, she leaned down taking it's neck into her mouth. The fox knew what she was planning and stopped adbrutly sending her flying into a tree. Her back hit the tree with a thud. She let out a groan, blinking blood from her eyes. The fox took the liberty to sink it's claws into her belly making her yowl in pain. She feebly tried to attack but her mind dulled her strength. She saw what looked like a smirk as the fox raised a paw to deliever the killing blow.

"Aspenfall," she groaned, letting her head fall onto the grass. "Aspenfall where are you..."

9. You Ruin Everything

Meanwhile...

Aspenfall heard Bluepaw's pawsteps fade away. Her sweet scent still lingering in the air as she footsteps disappeared. He dropped the squirrel, scooping dirt all over it. He turned to stare into the pale blue eyes of Clouddust. The white she-cat with black paws and tail tip curled around him, purring. He resisted a snort of disgust.

"Clouddust what are you doing here," he growled slightly trying to step out of Clouddust's embrace. Clouddust stopped him, her pale blue eyes turning cold for a second before welcoming the warmth.

"Came to see you! I didn't know you'd be watching that little mistake," purred Clouddust hissing the little part. Aspenfall narrowed his eyes, as Clouddust fondled with his white tipped ears.

"Speaking of Bluepaw. I have to go," he mewed tightly shoving Clouddust away. The she-cat stumbled hissing slightly but recoiling as Aspenfall started trotting in the direction of Bluepaw. Clouddust shoved him back, smiling mischievously.

"Oh come on Aspenfall don't be such a fun hater," she mewed slightly nudging his shoulder. He gritted his teeth from snapping at her. He resisted the urge to lean away as Clouddust leaned in to whisper into his ear.

"We should fail her. Make her an apprentice for a while. You know she's coming between us." Aspenfall widen his eyes, growling. Clouddust stumbled away, anger flaring in her eyes.

"Fine." Aspenfall let out a small sigh, only to look up in horror. He looked away in disgust. Clouddust was in the suggestive position. "Aspenfall look at me," she ordered. He shook his head, keeping his gaze fixed on the roots. He pricked his ears to the nearby scuffling. Behind him, Clouddust was probably getting up from her position, anger radiating off her pelt. Aspenfall heard pawsteps and turned

around. Fawndapple and Lilypaw jumped out of the bushes, her chest pumped out in pride.

"Where's Bluepaw," growled Fawndapple, her eyes narrowed. Accusation glowing in her yellow eyes. Aspenfall gazed at her, disbelief clouding his eyes. He forgot about Bluepaw! He turned tail racing ahead, the pounding of steps behind him. Blood roared in his ears. He barely heard the growls and whimpers. He caught a faint call of Aspenfall. He stopped, catching his breath. The metallic scent of blood hitting his nose. Mixed with the rotten smell of fox. Fawndapple, Lilypaw, and Clouddust arrived a couple moments later.

"Clouddust go back to camp," he barked, looking over his shoulder. The she-cat opened her mouth to retort but cowered back as Fawndapple towered over her. Pulling her lips back into a snarl. Clouddust growled softly before racing away. Aspenfall didn't watch her go before jumping into the clearing. The russet fox was lifting a paw at a weak Bluepaw. Her soft grey eyes widen as she saw Aspenfall. But her head slumped back, her eyes rolling into her head. He let out a snarl, slamming into the fox. It let out a cry as he rammed it into the tree. He repeatedly clawed his flank before the fox kicked his hind legs into his stomach. He let out a soft strangled cry as he landed on the other side of the clearing, out of breath. The fox lumbered towards him, blood dripping of his flank as he did so. Aspenfall scrambled to his paws, widening his eyes as Fawndapple joined the fight. He spotted Lilypaw slinking over to Bluepaw. He growled and started towards her but Lilypaw was holding cobwebs. She started plastering them on Bluepaw.

He glanced over at Fawndapple who was snapping at the fox. He heard pawsteps and saw the newly made warriors. Wolfclaw, Petalfire and Mudfang. Of course the love sick Mudfang went straight to Lilypaw. He crawled towards them, erecting his ears more.

"Lilypaw just leave the mistake. Let it die," hissed Mudfang. To his surprise Lilypaw was debating about it.

"No!" she spat harshly. Mudfang just scowled and raced to fight the fox. Aspenfall sat there bleeding, watching as Lilypaw watched over

Bluepaw. He looked towards the other warriors, watching them yip in joy as the fox stumbled away. Wolfclaw broke away and raced towards Bluepaw. He narrowed his eyes, as Wolfclaw carefully eased Bluepaw onto his back. Fawndapple, Petalfire and Mudfang all heaved cuts. Aspenfall got to his paws shakily and walked towards the group. He watched Wolfclaw through narrowed eyes, growling every time Bluepaw let out a whimper.

"Calm yourself Aspenfall. I've known Bluepaw since I was a kit. I won't do anything to harm her," murmured Wolfclaw stubbornly glancing at Aspenfall at the corner of his eye. Aspenfall muttered a curse and followed them. He allowed everyone to enter except Lilypaw. The golden and white she-cat hissed curses at him but Aspenfall stood in her way.

"Why did you save Bluepaw!" Lilypaw looked at him with disbelief. But Aspenfall saw fear lingering in her eyes but quickly disappeared and was now replaced with annoyance.

"Because your she is my sister-"

"You never liked her. I watched you torment her for moons. And I'm done now," he spat shoving his muzzle in her face, making her fall on the ground. Lilypaw's eyes flashed dangerously, unsheathing her claws, she hissed. "So what is it Lilypaw! I swear I'll shred you to bits on this very spot," warned Aspenfall placing his claws on her chest.

Lilypaw widen her eyes quickly before submitting. "I-I saved Bluepaw so I could look like the hero. I saved the mistake. I was hoping for someone different. But I took what I got! I want Finchstar to make me a warrior early," she hissed irritably. Aspenfall looked ready to slit her neck but growled.

He leaned in, boring his dark blue eyes into her bright pale blue eyes. "Do not tell anyone about this," growled Aspenfall sinking a claw deep into her shoulder. He shoved her muzzle deep into the dirt so she wouldn't yowl. Lilypaw's bright pale blue eyes showed submission. He smirked in triumph before trotting into camp.

Aspenfall spotted Kestrelstalk and Wolfclaw talking outside the den.

He grimace at Kestrelstalk's sorrowful eyes. The cream and brown tom turned his attention to him.

"You may go inside. But don't wake her up. I'll come treat your wounds soon." He nodded and slipped inside. The cool air welcomed him. The scent of herbs drifted to his nose as he got it closer to the herb storage. He passed it without a glance. His attention focused on the she-cat.

He lowered his ears at her condition. Her ribs clearly showed through her now matted pelt. Moss and dirt clung to it when she was carried back to camp. Cobwebs and marigold were on her neck. Her breathing shallow and slow.

He let out what sounded like a wail and a whimper. He laid on his belly mournfully staring at Bluepaw. He pinned back his ears as he crawled towards her. He pushed his nose into her uninjured neck crook. After After a few moments, he got up and laid beside her in the nest. Throwing a paw over Bluepaw, he scooted closer pressing his pelt against hers. Bluepaw let out a mix between a whimper and a groan and she snuggled deeper into his fur. He smiled softly, a tear slipping out and rolling down his cheek. It rolled down his cheek and onto her fur. He rested his head on her shoulder, letting the stream roll freely.

After a while, he felt a tail over his shoulder. He looked up, spotting Kestrelstalk leaning over them, smiling sadly.

"Will she die?" he choked up, staring at the medicine cat. The brown and cream tom hesitated.

"I don't know," he meowed truthfully shuffling to his herb storage. Aspenfall watched him pick up cobwebs and marigold. Pressing cobwebs and marigold on his wounds, Kestrelstalk kept an eye on Bluepaw. "Aspenfall, you should leave Bluepaw. I'll take care of her." The cream and brown tom nudged Aspenfall up and shoved him towards the entrance. He snorted and walked outside, quickly walking to the nursery. Questioning stares and glares followed his pelt as he sat outside the nursery. Mutters were heard and he leaned in closer.

"Nightstreak! We can't have a deformed daughter."

"She is my daughter! I love her just as much as Pebblekit. Maybe even more because your turning our son into a monster."

"That runt should learn to fight back. Not my fault she has a twisted paw." The next part surprised her.

"Who's fault is that."

He shook his head, and trotted towards the fresh kill pile. Aspenfall pitied Leafkit. The poor brown tabby she-cat was alone and worried in the corner of camp. Greydove's kits were huddled against their mother shivering as Greydove stared into the medicine cat den. Pebblekit was just laughing it off, jeering with his father. Nightstreak was half inside the nursery, seething. She couldn't do anything about their attitudes. Aspenfall sighed, walking towards a disfigured Leafkit. The brown tabby she-cat backed away, cowering under him.

"It's alright Leafkit. It's cold outside what are you doing here?" he asked softly curling his tail around his paws. Leafkit looked down at her paws, ashamed to say what happened. "I'll take you to see Bluepaw if you tell me what's wrong," he offered lowering himself to the ground so he was eye level with her. Leafkit looked up hopefully.

"Please don't tell Bluepaw," she whimpered. He nodded, bringing the kit closer to him. "M-my brother invited me to play with him behind the nursery. I thought he finally got over that I have a twisted paw. But I was wrong. Mosspelt was there, pinning me down while Pebblekit gave me scars," she mewed sadly tilting her head so there showed scars behind her and a scar between her shoulder blades.

"I'll have a talk with Nightstreak." Aspenfall gently picked up Leafkit and passed Mosspelt and Pebblekit, stopping at their voices.

"Aspenfall where are you going with that runt," laughed Pebblekit. He nudged Leafkit in the direction of the medicine den before turning to Mosspelt and Pebblekit. Pebblekit marched towards him,

standing on his hind legs. "You should be my mentor. Your strong and skilled," mewed Pebblekit glancing at him up and down. Aspenfall shoved him away, making him land on his haunches. He gave a sniff before trotting away to the medicine cat den. He peeked in, spotting Leafkit nestled in her flank, Bluepaw's plumy tail curled around her. She would of been a great mother thought Aspenfall as he curled around her. Aspenfall stifled a sigh as he twined his tail with hers.

Lilypaw's POV

Lilypaw grumbled a curse, Aspenfall found out her plan but didn't plan on telling. She sat eating a tough shrew. Her pelt was somewhat covered in marigold but her shoulder. The scar Aspenfall gave her might ruin her good looks. She gave a small sigh, pushing the barely eaten shrew away. She desperately wanted to be a warrior. A little ahem interrupted her thoughts. She spun around, stifling a groan as she saw who it was. Mudfang. The pale brown tom looked softly at her, his pale blue eyes sparking with some emotion.

"What," she asked arrogantly giving her chest a few licks. Mudfang gave her a questioning look, as he sat down beside her.

"Do you like me?" he asked suddenly wrapping his dark brown tail around his paws. Lilypaw shifted slightly accidentally brushing pelts with him. The tom looked hopefully as he moved to touch her nose but she awkwardly backed away. Mudfang looked at her, hurt shining in his eyes. Lilypaw gave an exasperated sigh.

"No, I don't Mudfang I'm sorry." She expected Mudfang to beg for her but no. He just nodded and left her alone. Not even on the brink of crying. She growled to herself, watching Mudfang share tongues with his sister Petalfire. The ginger she-cat told Lilypaw she may like Acornpelt. The brown and ginger tom was chatting softly with Breezefern. Petalfire didn't have to worry about Breezefern. The black and brown she-cat was snappy and moody. She didn't appreciate having a mate. Or at least she heard. The gold and white she-cat stood up and marched outside, smiling softly at Tallstone who followed her with his gaze. The long limbed grey tom wore a scowl before turning away to chat with his sister Thistleheart.

She slipped outside, kicking down a pebble in the meantime. Stupid Bluepaw. Stupid Aspenfall! Why did her stupid mistake sister have to get mauled by a fox. Lilypaw hoped she died. She would leave Stormfang alone and Aspenfall. Let Clouddust get Aspenfall. Her ignorant sister took everything from her. Even if it meant making up a fake story about he's back. Who is he? Lilypaw snorted, her gold and white fur bristling with every step she took.

Before she knew it, she was at the abandoned Twoleg nest. Kestrelstalk's catmint grew every day and he was proud. It was Thunderclan's only source. Maybe she could stomp on the catmint and blame it on Bluepaw! But that meant risking lots of lives just so Bluepaw could die at her paws. She dug her claws into the dirt making small gorges.

"Why is such a pretty she-cat thinking such dangerous thoughts?"

Lilypaw growled and spun around. She drew back, curiosity sparking in her bright pale blue eyes. The tom was lounging on top of some twoleg thing. He was a pale smoky grey tom with tints of silver and brilliant blue eyes. After eavesdropping on Bluepaw's story, this was supposedly the tom that corner her with a ragged dark brown tom.

Lilypaw narrowed her eyes at the tom. "Your Jay? You don't look like a threat like my mistake sister said," growled Lilypaw. Jay blinked in surprise at his name but also narrowed his brilliant icy blue eyes in curiosity.

"Your the scarred blue-grey she-cat's sister. You don't look much alike," mewed Jay amused at Lilypaw's startled jump. "Besides you don't know if I'm a threat or not."

"Then why aren't you attacking me," retorted Lilypaw.

"Because I'm different from them."

"Them? Whose them," hissed Lilypaw impatiently flicking her tail to the side. Jay seemed amused yet angry. He jumped of the Twoleg thing and shoved his muzzle into her face. Lilypaw didn't flinch at his startled action.

"Your "sister didn't tell them," he snapped. His brilliant blue eyes flared with anger.

"She did but Thunderclan didn't listen." Jay pulled back, pacing back and forth, muttering to himself. He snapped his head to her, anger flaring once more.

"Thunderclan is full of fox-hearts. I'm trying to save them from him. Yet they don't listen! I am risking my life. My life! I am still young. I want to have a mate, have kits. But no, Thunderclan doesn't listen," snarled Jay whisking his tail angrily.

"You still have answered my question. Whose them?" she interrupted his mini rant.

Jay sighed. Looking straight into her eyes, he opened his mouth to answer.

10. Cry Of Darkness

His heart tugged him down. He wasn't sure if he should trust the golden and white she-cat. Her bright pale blue eyes held so much innocents yet inside her was dark. But he had a strange feeling towards the apprentice. She was genuine curious, her thoughts of killing the blue-grey she-cat was gone. No one believed her. Maybe the gold and white she-cat could change that. But yet he wasn't sure. He finally chose to answer he. He let out a sigh, looking up so he was eye level with her. Surprisingly the gold and white she-cat didn't flinch at his gaze.

"The Cry of Darkness." The gold and white she-cat stared at him for a long time before looking away.

"I'm Lilypaw," she mewed softly stepping forward to nudge him in the shoulder. To continue. Jay kneaded his claws into the ground, blinking back the tears.

"The Cry of Darkness was a group of rogues and formal kittypets. All out for revenge. Others were stolen and to scared to leave because of him. I'm only two moons older than you, Lilypaw. I am Third in Command. Before me, the other toms were murdered under the thought that they were betraying him. But it wasn't true." He paused, he couldn't continue. He felt Lilypaw's stare burn on his pelt. He looked up, jumping slightly at the sky. It was Dusk, he should be back by now. He sighed, standing up. He glanced at Lilypaw who seemed deep into thought. He nudged her shoulder making her jump.

"Meet me here in a quarter moon. Try to bring your sister if she recovers," muttered Jay. He turned to leap, racing into the darkness.

Lilypaw's POV

She watched him disappear into the darkness. His words echoed in her mind. Something flared inside her. She grinned evilly before stalking back to camp. Her muscles rippled under her pelt as she

gained speed. The wound on her shoulder no longer bothering her. Bluepaw could pay. She bristled in excitement, the thought of Bluepaw's blood on her claws thrilled her. She slipped into camp unnoticed, spotting a lot of warriors already asleep. Acornpelt nodded at her before snapping his attention back to guarding. Oh Petalfire, Acornpelt probably isn't interested in getting a mate. She plopped on her nest, noticing she was the only one there. Good she thought. More quiet time to do some planning.

She stretched in her nest, moving to groom her fur down. The scents of Wolfclaw, Petalfire and Mudfang lingering in the den. After she a quick groom, she pushed some of the moss away so she had some room for planning. She smirked, Oh Bluepaw you don't know what's in store for you. She unsheathe a claw to begin her plan but stopped once she heard pawsteps near.

"Foxdung," she muttered and moved the nest back over the dirt. Lifting her head up weakly, she saw the silhouettes of Wolfclaw, Mudfang and Petalfire. She stifled a groan, and laid her head back on the nest. "What is it," grumbled Lilypaw trying her best to sound sleepy. Wolfclaw came and laid in his own nest, tucking his paws beneath his chest.

"No room in the Warriors den," he mumbled sleepily. Petalfire and Mudfang were already tucked into their nest. Mudfang's quiet snores drifted into the air as the atmosphere fell quiet. Except for the occasion murmurs and scuffling. Lilypaw glanced around, her friend's flanks falling down quietly. She tried to sleep but couldn't. She quietly sat up, noticing the brown tom was farther away from her nest. All she could think about was did Mudfang really like her? She shook her head, flashbacking to when Flowerdust and Owlfang were gushing over how they would be a cute couple.

Of course, Lilypaw loved the attention when she was kit always getting compliments of how her gold and white fur shone. But now it was getting annoying. She wanted Bluepaw out completely. She changed Aspenfall and Greydove. Greydove that almost killed Bluepaw when she was a new apprentice. Until she whispered something into her ear that made her back away. Of course, Greydove changed and now was suddenly Bluepaw's best friend. Clouddust just hissed in disgust at the mention of her sister.

Clouddust always wanted Aspenfall's attention but couldn't since Bluepaw opened her eyes. She shivered at Bluepaw's cold eyes as they looked over her. Analyzed her.

Bluepaw's soft grey eyes that always hardened when she walked around. But softened around kits and Aspenfall. Let alone Stormfang. She had seen the way she acted around Stormfang. Odd but in a sense that she knew him. Lilypaw let out a small laugh. How stupid Bluepaw was. She was oblivious to the fact Aspenfall loves her and also oblivious that she may be falling in love with him. Of course, she couldn't blame her. She wasn't use to the attention and the feeling of love. By now, since Aspenfall rejected Clouddust fully and was caring for Bluepaw, she shouldn't be clueless.

But yet again, Aspenfall should know better than to fall in love with a mistake. Lilypaw sank into her nest, resting her head on her paws. As well as Crowkit. She could never miss the spark in his eyes as Leafkit joined in his games. Being the coward that he is, he could never speak to her. Darkkit though, had no trouble. Always wanting her on his team despite that she is crippled. Sooner or later those two will fight it out for Leafkit's love. But yet Leafkit detects no love from them. Only as a friend, not a mate. The brown tabby kit was pretty but since her twisted paw, she thinks no one will love her. Well think again Leafkit.

She let out a sigh, before curling up and letting exhaustion take over.

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Lilypaw flicked her tail in annoyance as she listened to another one of Clouddust's rants. The rants were basically about Aspenfall and Bluepaw. By now she wanted to claw Clouddust's ears off. She turned to face Clouddust. Her pale bright blue eyes bore into Clouddust's. Making her stop mid sentence. She lashed her tail, hitting Clouddust in the nose before walking away. Annoyance radiating of her pelt as she slipped out of camp. Today was the gathering and she was suppose to be excited but Clouddust's ranting blew the gathering right out of the water. She muttered a curse, not knowing where she was going. But she kept on walking. She ducked

under a tree branch, crawling out of a bush.

"You look stuck?" Lilypaw looked up in annoyance, spotting Stormfang sitting on his side of the border, a smile tugging at his lips. She was finally able to haul herself out, giving her pelt a good shake before sitting down.

"Well I'm not anymore," grumbled Lilypaw as she gave her ruffled chest a few licks. She smirked slightly at an evil thought. She looked up, smiling sweetly at him. "How are your half siblings. I believe they are Rushpaw and Morningpaw now," she mused batting her eyelashes at him. And it worked. Stormfang shifted uncomfortable but Lilypaw saw rage and anger in his eyes.

"Alright I guess I feel like-"

"That your father betrayed your mother and took on a mate too soon. And now your devil half siblings are annoying and you want to kill them," she interrupted, curling her tail over her paws. Stormpaw held up his paws, innocently.

"No I don't want to kill them," he mewed but tilted his head in conderiance. "Well I guess. All my father cares about if for Rushpaw to become deputy but doesn't care a fox dung about me." Satisfaction bubbled up inside her. She scooted closer to the border, so she was almost touching muzzles with him.

"We can show him. I'll be injured by a fox and you carry me up to Windclan. And he'll see the warrior in you. Maybe Blossomstar would make you deputy. Of course that would infume Rushpaw stating that Webfur said he will be the nest deputy. Besides I hear Plumflower might be expecting and you'll get to mentor one of them," purred Lilypaw touching noses with him.

Stormfang considered it but open his mouth to speak before Lilypaw curled her tail over his mouth.

"Once Rushpaw becomes a warrior and has an apprentice. Of course you have to be leader. You can string him along, saying when you become leader, he will be deputy. Of course, you have to give him the worst kit. And once you announce your new deputy, you choose

a different cat. All the jealousy and anger that you contained will now transfer to him. And he'll feel what you feel. And just for the fun of it, make sure Willowpaw doesn't get a mate. That will be easy right my dear," she purred sickly brushing his cheek with her tail.

"I'll think about it," he mewed shakily and batted her tail away. Lilypaw purred before turning around and marching back into the forest. She looked over her shoulder calling out to Stormfang. "Don't think too long my dear." With that she plunged into the forest without looking back.

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"Those who will be going to the gathering will be Lilypaw, Aspenfall, Wolfclaw, Flowerdust, Tallstone, Acornpelt, Swanstone, and Russetclaw," yowled Finchstar before bounding down the HighLedge.

Lilypaw gave a long stretch before racing to catch up with the gathering patrol. She took a spot near Wolfclaw who smiled at her. She narrowed her eyes, Wolfclaw was excited about this gathering unlike any other ones. She could clearly read it in his eyes. He's expecting a certain she-cat to come. A medicine Cat maybe? The only possible medicine cat that he could be meeting was Cloverblossom. The beautiful light brown she-cat had her own story. Apparently she was the prettiest she-cat but disappointed a lot of toms by becoming a medicine cat. But she didn't care. But yet again, that was impossible! Cloverblossom is such a passionate medicine cat, Lilypaw doubted she will become secret mates with Wolfclaw.

Before she knew it, she was at the gathering island. She shifted aside, to see Wolfclaw hurrying off the log. Lilypaw growled to herself, as she hopped onto the log. And basically ran across the log, almost bumping into a cat. She smelled Windclan and Shadowclan but yet she caught the slightly lingering scent of Wolfclaw. She smirked dodging other chatty cats. She stopped once she smelled Wolfclaw's scent veer off the island and deeper into the forest.

"Oh, Wolfclaw what are you doing now," muttered Lilypaw and

crawled in after him. She heard soft murmurs. She stopped, crawling into a bush. She poked her head out, spotting Wolfclaw curled around a white she-cat. The only thing visible was her dark grey ears. She knew exactly who it was.

"Willowpaw," she snarled and jumped out. They both jumped, looking scared. Willowpaw tried to make a run but Lilypaw slammed her down on the ground. She placed an unsheathe claw on her throat, growling at her before turning to Wolfclaw. He looked angry that his secret meeting was ruined.

"Let her go," he growled. He tried to take a step forward only to back away one Lilypaw put pressure.

"First explain to me what you were doing with rabbit eater," she spat picking up Willowpaw and tossing her between her paws.

"Fine. It first started with Cloverblossom. It was only one meeting I swear. Then she ended, I reluctantly allowed it. Then I meet Willowpaw one gathering. She was so nice and pretty and I couldn't resist. I know she feels the same way. I-I think I'll join Windclan to be with her," he mewed glancing at Willowpaw.

Lilypaw growled. "No you won't. I'm telling Blossomstar and Finchstar. Who would think that Blossomstar's granddaughter will break the code," spat Lilypaw glancing down at Willowpaw who shrunk under her claws. "Besides Willowpaw you weren't suppose to be born. If Webfur's previous mate didn't die, you wouldn't be alive which was how I preferred it. Oh those days were Webfur praised you and Rushpaw when he should of been praising Stormfang. Well now those days are over. I'm telling all of the Clans."

Willowpaw was now crying at her tears and she let her run to Wolfclaw who hissed at Lilypaw. Lilypaw sheathed his claws, before racing back to where the cats are. She smiled, this is a start. Now if I win Stormfang, Bluepaw can go down with the rest of the Clan.

Oh! Willowpaw and Wolfclaw! Lilypaw is so evil. I kinda like Lilypaw evil. She might be in my top 5 of my favorite cats in this story. Enjoy!

11. Disappearance

Lilypaw felt a breeze run through her fur. She bristled turning around. Wolfclaw stood behind her, Willowpaw no where to be found. She hissed at him but before she could say anything, Wolfclaw slammed her into another bush. Lilypaw growled batting at Wolfclaw but he pinned her forepaws down.

"Don't tell them please," pleaded Wolfclaw his dark blue eyes on the brink of tears.

"Why shouldn't I," Lilypaw hissed desperately trying to get up. But Wolfclaw had a death grip on him.

"Because," he hissed angrily finally letting her up. He stalked around the bush, his fur bristling. He finally turned towards her, his eyes glassy and expressionless. "Your jealous. You like me." Lilypaw couldn't resist but let out a laugh. But the time she was done, she was wheezing.

"You're funny Wolfclaw. But seriously I don't."

"Your lying. I see it in your eyes. And I do believe you aren't a terrible she-cat," murmured Wolfclaw taking a step forward. Lilypaw took a step back, her legs wobbly. There was no possible way she liked Wolfclaw! She would of know!

"No I don't Wolfclaw. And you know it. Stop manipulating me just to protect Willowpaw. Who would soon forget you and fall in love again," she spat harshly before turning away. She blinked back tears, crawling out of the bush. She forced herself not to curl up and cry. Forcing her fur flat, she walked back to the group of cats. Some shot her weird looks, others shot her affectionate looks. But a particular pale grey tom stood out. Stormfang. He walked towards her, smiling softly. One of his ears flopped back while the other stood straight up.

"What is it?" she asked coldly. Hurt flashed in his eyes but he

blinked it away.

"Gathering's over. Clans are leaving." Lilypaw glanced around, completely oblivious to the clans gathering to leave. Finchstar, a brown and red patched tom was quietly chatting to Lakestar while Scartalon gathered the clan to leave. Lilypaw shared a sorrowful glance with Stormfang before rushing towards her clan. On the way, she accidently bumped into Wolfclaw who grudging muttered a curse. She refused to meet his gaze but just stared at her paws. Grudging, the other clan cats forced them to walk together, their pelts barely touching. When it came to coming across the tree bridge. Wolfclaw dipped his head, gesturing with a paw.

"After you," he muttered. Lilypaw gave a quiet thanks before hopping onto the bridge. Her claws sunk into the bridge, putting one paw in front of the other. Lilypaw quickly stepped off and raced ahead to join Aspenfall. The tom looked worried and kept glancing around.

"Worried about your precious Bluepaw," snickered Lilypaw, sarcasm dripping in her voice. Aspenfall turned towards her, anger and sorrow flashed in his eyes.

"Yes, cause I love her. But I guess you wouldn't know about love. Since your cold shriveled heart doesn't let you," he mewed calmly yet harshly. Lilypaw resisted a whimper at his words. But instead she put on her deathly glare and stalked away. Making sure to whip his nose with her tail. She smirked once Aspenfall let out a soft growl. Lilypaw walked ahead with her tail held high. Only to end up next to Wolfclaw again. The grey and white tom let out a grunt but didn't glance at her. Lilypaw wrinkled her nose as they crossed over Shadowclan territory.

She hurried over to Thunderclan border, practically racing towards camp. Away from Wolfclaw. The bramble tendrils quivered as she entered. A cool breeze flew past her and out into the forest. Everything was silent and eery which was unusually and there was no guard. Lilypaw stepped forward, shivering at the quiet atmosphere. No kits whining. No small chatter. Not even snores from the elders.

Her heart now raced faster as she hurried to the elders den. She poked her head in. The scents were stale as if they were gone for a while. The nests were all tangled and there were a few drops of blood. As well as clawed up moss and claws marks on the den side.

"They didn't go down without a fight," murmured Lilypaw staring around. Stripefur. Badgerheart. Molewind. Gone.

Lilypaw pulled her head out, running towards the medicine cat den. Lilypaw felt claws dig into her shoulder. She let out a hiss, flipping forward and clawing her attackers chest. The cat let out a yowl and gripped her scruff. It threw her against the den, pinning her shoulders. Lilypaw growled, leaning her head forward. The moonlight clearly shone on her attacker revealing brilliant blue eyes staring back at her.

"Jay?" Her voice collapsed on her as the tom released her. Lilypaw leaned forward, pressing her cheek against his neck. "Where are they Jay? Where is everyone? What did they do?," she whimpered blinking back tears. Tears of joy or sorrow. Jay pressed his muzzle against the top of her head.

"The Cry of Darkness. Shadow the best fighter, lead an attack. Taking everyone she could. Even kidnapping two Shadowclan warriors. The other warriors are knocked out, still bleeding". His breath warm against her neck.

"How did they know there'd be a Gathering today?"

"You have a spy. Lilypaw. A spy." Lilypaw shut her eyes, shivering as Jay gave one last lick. After a few moments the warm spot against her was gone. Jay had disappeared. Lilypaw glanced around, looking for him. But he was gone. His warm scent that once wrapped around her was gone. She shook out her pelt, before slipping into the medicine den. There layed on the floor was Hollyripple, Bluepaw and Nettleclaw. The others were gone. But then that meant that their was more than them. More than all the Clans. Full of rogues and former kittypets. Hollyripple was sprawled out on a nest, herbs littered around her. Bluepaw was still curled up in her nest, cobwebs lining her neck. And dried blood across her ear from where they knocked her out. Nettleclaw was closest to the

small pool, Kestrelstalk had in the den. Lilypaw cursed, stalking towards Nettleclaw. The golden brown tom's paw dipped into the pool. The gold and white she-cat grabbed his scruff, disgusted that dried blood was on his scruff. She shoved his head into the pool, letting go once the tom made gurgling sound. She sat nicely at the edge of the pool, putting on an innocent smile.

The golden brown tom pulled his head out, his head drenched in water. The dried blood was now disappeared except for a few speckles of blood. His dark blue eyes were clouded but soon cleared. He was up on his feet, glancing at Lilypaw only before rushing towards Hollyripple.

"Hollyripple? Hollyripple," he mewed franticly nudging the jet black she-cat. Lilypaw hissed at getting in between Nettleclaw and Hollyripple.

"Don't you mean Fawndapple. That idiotic she-cat," spat Lilypaw turning back towards her mother. Her mother didn't even move. Nettleclaw's glare burned in her pelt as she grabbed her scruff. And dragged her to the pool. Growling at Nettleclaw to move.

"Don't drown Hollyripple," he mewed monotone. Lilypaw glared at him.

"I wouldn't drown my own *mother*. Did you forget she is my mother," she retorted dipping her head in. She immediately let go and Hollyripple snapped her head out. Letting out shattering coughs. Nettleclaw just stared at them, sorrow laced with anger in his eyes. He curled his golden brown tail over his paws just watching mother and daughter murmuring. He resisted a whimper as Hollyripple licked Lilypaw's ears. Nettleclaw shifted his gaze back towards Bluepaw. The blue-grey she-cat laid unmoving on a soft moss ness, intertwined with feathers. Beautiful red and pale grey feathers.

Nettleclaw staggered towards her, wincing as a pang of pain moved through his head. He placed a paw on her flank, leaning over to lick the dried blood. He gently grabbed her scruff and moved towards the pool. Hollyripple and Lilypaw already moved and now were searching for Kestrelstalk. The cream and brown tom had usually

rippling muscles and a sleek pelt. Which made him a target to get kidnapped. He dipped her head in, towards the neck. He watched as the water washed away all the herbs and pieces of cobwebs as Bluepaw started to stir. She let out a gurgling growl and Nettleclaw released her. Bluepaw lifted her head, her grey eyes dull with pain and tiniest pieces of anger. Nettleclaw flinched as he saw the raw bite marks along her neck. The wound already inflaming at the air. Bluepaw glanced around, widening her eyes at Nettleclaw.

"What happened," she asked, her voice slurred. She stumbled towards him, leaning on him heavily as they walked out. Nettleclaw shook his head, snapping his attention towards the entrance as the tendrils quivered. First came Aspenfall, who raced towards Bluepaw. The dark grey tom gladly let Bluepaw plop on the ground. A sharp pang of jealously overcame him as Aspenfall wrapped himself around Bluepaw murmuring words.

Bluepaw responded but her words were still slurred. Nettleclaw shifted his attention to the medicine cat den. Hollyripple came out first, Kestrelstalk leaving heavily on her. Blood seeped from a cut on his forehead and leg. Lilypaw hurried out, spotting Finchstar and the other warriors racing towards the den. Rushed words and questions were left in the air as they peered in. Some let out yowls of terror as they discovered your loved ones were gone. Flowerdust yowled for her missing kits and mate. Wolfclaw tried to comfort her but Flowerdust snapped at her son.

Russetclaw yowled for Greydove and his kits as he frantically searched every crevice in the nursery. Except him. He wouldn't yowl for the missing Fawndapple. He wasn't sure if he loved her.

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Bluepaw watched the warriors mill around. Finchstar had ordered them to sleep which some of them had. But others were just restlessly murmuring to each other. The cats who did this took all the queens and kits except for Leafkit. Her twisted paw brought no use to them. Instead, Leafkit just curled into her flank, crying herself to sleep. She couldn't do anything for the brown tabby kit. Except let her cry the river out. A spot on her flank was already wet from the crying. Leafkit finally settled down and started quietly

dozing. Bluepaw sighed, resting her head on Aspenfall's chest.

The dark grey tom had to be good to her. Taking care of her since the fox attack. But ever since that, she saw love and affection shining in his eyes as he took care of her. Bluepaw desperately tried to love him, but she couldn't. Her heart belonged to Stormfang. Of course, she couldn't admit that to herself. From her scarred pelt to her fiery attitude and scary cold grey eyes. But now she was starting to accept it.

Bluepaw sighed, feeling Aspenfall's flank rise gently and softly. It was almost Dawn and finally some were able to sleep. Finchstar of course would send a search patrol and give Lilypaw her warrior name. But since of her injuries she wouldn't receive it. Of course that was stupid. Finchstar just wanted an excuse not to give her warrior name. A warm cool breeze flew past her as she gazed around camp. Lilypaw was acting weird. Bluepaw knew she was holding on to more information then she gave around.

Early last night, Finchstar told who was missing. Greydove and her kits. Nightstreak and Pebblekit. Fawndapple and Breezefern. And Thistleheart. Which was usually. Breezefern never went down without a fight. Bluepaw sighed, leaning back against Aspenfall. The warm gently morning brought all the warriors outside. The first streak of orange and red raced across side. Sending the moon back behind the mountains.

Finchstar was already stumbling out, blinking weariness from his eyes. He didn't have time to groom himself but it look like he didn't mind. A lot of the warrior were already out so he didn't have to call them.

Lilypaw was already sitting in front of the HighLedge, her pelt sleek and shiny.

"I, Finchstar, leader of Thunderclan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn. Lilypaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?

"I do."

"And Russetclaw. Even though you are grieving with the disappearance of your mate. Is Lilypaw ready to become a warrior?"

"She is. But she must lose the attitude," teased Russetclaw. Finchstar's whiskers twitched in amusement.

"Then by the powers of Starclan, I give you your warrior name. Lilypaw, from this moment on you will be known as Lilythorn. Starclan honors your speed and Determination, and we welcome you as a full warrior of Thunderclan."

"Lilythorn! Lilythorn!" the clan cheered.

Bluepaw snorted, as Lilythorn's bright blue eyes shone unlike ever before. Grunting, she untangled herself from a sleepy Aspenfall and Leafkit. She started to walk to her sister and mother. An unsettled feeling rising in her belly. An expressionless face following them.

Lilythorn! Lilythorn! I absoluetly love her warrior name. And it does match her personality. Does Lilythorn like Wolfclaw? So much romance and drama. Anyways, the other few chapters will be mixed with Lilythorn and Bluepaw POV.

12. Bottled Rage

A sour feeling rose in her belly as she stumbled to her paws. Hollyripple was congratulating her daughter. Lilythorn. Oh, how she hated her mother and sister. Her own mother gave her the scars she had now and encouraged the others. Bluepaw felt her heart tug towards them as she stood there staring at them. They didn't bother to look up at her that was a few feet away. Of course, they could feel her stare burning a hole in their pelt. Mustering the courage, she stalked forward, ignoring Tallstone's death glare as she passed by him. She could feel him bend over and nip at her ears.

She ignored it, lashing her tail indigenously hitting him in the nose. He let out a whine making Bluepaw smirk. Finally, arriving at them. They looked up. Hollyripple's dark green eyes showed mixed emotions while Lilythorn's held annoyance.

"What is it?" Lilythorn asked coldly. Bluepaw resisted a growl, shifting slightly to meet Lilythorn's bright blue eyes with her cold grey ones. Her white paws itched to sink their claws into her gold and white fur.

"We need to talk. And you too Hollyripple." Lilythorn opened her mouth to retort but Hollyripple cut her off. The jet black she-cat stood up and cut in between the two bristling daughters. Hollyripple narrowed her dark green eyes and let out a sigh.

"Fine. Meet at the Abandoned Twoleg Nest. I'll tell Finchstar and Scartalon where we are going," she mewed and started walking away. She turned her head over her shoulder and growled.

"No fighting. Lilythorn."

Bluepaw couldn't resist a smirk. But it was washed off once Lilythorn cuffed her hard. "No fighting Lilythorn," sneered Bluepaw flicking her tail at her dear sister. She let out a soft chuckle and bounded of the the entrance. The pounding of Lilythorn's paws right behind her as she stepped out.

Bluepaw let out a sigh, inhaling the sweet forest scent. Her chest puffed out as she inhaled. Deflating as she exhaled. Lilythorn sidestepped her and didn't bother to make a snarky comment about her standing in the way. She could feel the curious stare on her pelt. She turned her head to see Lilythorn look away.

"You missed being outside in the forest. Roaming free and running around. Don't you?" Lilythorn asked gazing around pretending that she didn't stare at the raw lines on Bluepaw's neck.

Bluepaw dug her claws into the sand. The moist dirt moving around her claws as she lifted them up. "Of course. Thunderclan is my home. I love the forest. It's where I can escape," she murmured back taking a step in the direction of the Abandoned Twoleg Nest. Lilythorn nodded, walking a little faster to lead the way. But Bluepaw knew she didn't want to be near her mistake of a sister. Once they were far enough, Lilythorn stopped waiting for Bluepaw to catch up. She gave Lilythorn an odd stare but Lilythorn was oblivious to it.

"If Thunderclan is your home. What about Stormfang. I saw him at the Gathering. He went frozen after he heard you were attacked by the fox." Lilythorn of course was lying. She was confronting Wolfclaw and Willowpaw when they gave the news. But Bluepaw didn't know that.

Bluepaw tried her best to not show expression and concern. Especially love? Maybe?

"Stormfang? Why? I bet it wasn't that," mewed Bluepaw unconcern. She snuck a glance at Lilythorn who somewhat looked convinced. Bluepaw sighed, and sped up. She turned a corner of a bush, spotting the Abandoned Nest from afar. She spotted the jet black fur of Hollyripple hiding among the growing catmint. Bluepaw sighed, her mother would probably snap at her as always.

She hurried towards the Nest, hearing the pounding footsteps. Hollyripple met her gaze as she entered, her dark green eyes narrowed as Lilythorn entered. Bluepaw took a seat away from them as Lilythorn laid beside her mother.

"What took you so long?" spat Hollyripple. Bluepaw shifted the question was directed at her but at Lilythorn. The gold and white flinched and Hollyripple's eyes softened a bit. Bluepaw felt a lump of her throat as Hollyripple licked Lilythorn's ear in apology. She wanted to whine. And cry. But she did her best not to choke up and cry.

"Well, I know Bluepaw wanted to talk to us but I have something to say," sighed Hollyripple seeing Bluepaw nervous shudder run down her spine. The jet black she-cat curled her bushy tail over her paws glancing at both of her daughters.

"As you know, you both don't know your father. Well, you have to know that. Lilythorn your father is." She took in a huge breath beckoning Bluepaw over. The blue-grey she-cat scooted closer till she was next to a huge-eyed Lilythorn. "Your father is Nettleclaw." Bluepaw widen her eyes. Lilythorn jumped to her feet, hissing.

"That piece of fox-dung is my Father! But he is with Fawndapple! How is that possible? Did he cheat on Fawndapple with you. Was I not suppose to be born! Did he cheat on you with Fawndapple? But why didn't she have kits." Lilythorn bursted out a lot of questions which to Bluepaw's amazement Hollyripple waited for her to finish. Hollyripple blinked calmly brushing her tail down her back. The gold and white she-cat panted but settled down, her eyes still wide with astonishment.

"Lilythorn. Nettleclaw was in love with me but betrayed me because I betrayed him." Lilythorn looked confused but Bluepaw looked concerned. Betrayal? She desperately looked for any signs of a give away in Hollyripple's body position. But nothing. Except she was stiff and expressionless. Bluepaw watched Lilythorn's reactions. There was a flash of anger in her eyes but quickly disappeared replaced by a somberly look. Bluepaw growled suddenly, flashing her gaze to a surprised Hollyripple.

"That's all you have to say!" shouted Bluepaw, jumping to her paws facing a surprised Hollyripple. The fur along her spine stood up.

"Say about what?" she asked calmly facing her mistake of a daughter once more.

"You! You betrayed me as a daughter! You hurt me and taunted me. All the while caring for your only daughter. Who is perfect unlike me. My scars are from you! You! Betrayer! I can see why Nettleclaw left us!," shrieked Bluepaw unable to control her anger. A flash of anger and guilt appeared in her eyes.

"You don't know what I've gone through," she warned in her motherly voice. But Bluepaw kept ranting.

"You don't know what I've gone through," Bluepaw mimicked with her mock voice. "You don't know what I've gone through. All the pain and loneliness that was started by my own mother. Or should I say Hollyripple. Because I never had a mother. These scars are a constant reminder. Thunderclan is a constant reminder! All those glares and pity stares are nothing! I am sick of everyone. Mostly you," hissed Bluepaw digging her claws in and out.

Hollyripple sat frozen, her eyes glazed over as in remembering a flashback. Then a snicker. A snicker came. Bluepaw turned to Lilythorn who she forgot was there. It was Lilythorn's turn to sit rigid. Her bright blue eyes narrowed to slits.

"And You," panted Bluepaw glaring at them. "You Lilythorn! You turned everyone against me. You taunted me. Making me feel ugly and terrible. And I believed it. My prickly attitude always got me in trouble. But you know what! You never did. You should of gotten in trouble after all those days."

Bluepaw turned to both of them. Her sister. Her mother. Both thorns in her heart.

"I hope both of you die in harsh terrible way," growled Bluepaw turning away and started to walk. She paused in her step, turning her head over her shoulder. "And you should know when you go to the Dark Forest where you fox-hearts belong. I'll be free. I'll be happy. Laughing. Smiling. Because you are gone. And Dead." Bluepaw heard the startled whimpers and yowls for her to come back. She felt the guilt radiating off of both of their pelts. Glares burning into her pelt as she started to walk back to camp. She snorted softly.

She shouldn't care about them. No. If she said she felt the tiniest bit guilty she'd be lying. Bluepaw felt the sour feeling only known as guilt grow. But yet she was happy. All the pain and suffering was now gone. And she could live her life. Maybe not in Thunderclan. She could join Windclan with Stormfang. Or even become loners with him. She sighed, softly as she wind brushed up against her in support. The opening in the canopy welcomed the sunlight as it danced in her fur. A few particles of dust danced around, shining in the sunlight.

"Maybe, I should apologize," she murmured to herself as she stepped into camp. All she saw was a black and white blur slam into her. She let out a yelp and feebly scratched at her attacker. But stopped once her vision was cleared. She first saw that familiar long scratches leading from the shoulders to his chest. Scartalon. His crisp icy blue eyes bore into hers as he let her up. His black ringed tail lashing. Only small ice shards were visible beneath the black patches that covered his eyes.

"Finchstar wants to talk to you. Now," ordered Scartalon breaking eye contact with her cold grey eyes. She fluffed up her fur in defense.

"No, sorry that you ran into me," she mewed coldly turning her glare back onto Scartalon. "Wait I'm sorry, Thunderclan is full of fox-heart cats that lost their manners." Scartalon now had a rumbled growl deep his throat. His long sharp hooked claws dug into the dirt imaging that it was Bluepaw. The blue grey apprentice turned her nose and walked away. Leaving Scartalon glaring after her. She lifted her tail proudly before bounding up the HighLedge. Her claws grasped the the rock, hauling herself up.

She let out a huff, as she had all four on the rock. Her paws already ached from climbing up. She shook out her pelt, hoping her easy tiredness didn't affect what she'll say. She stopped by the den, giving her chest a few licks. All hope was gone inside her. What she said to her mother and sister changed her.

"Bluepaw stop lingering. Come inside now!," snapped Finchstar from inside. Bluepaw did a cocky toss of her head, muttering a curse as she stepped inside. Finchstar was curled up his nest. The

moss thrown around, his paws tucked underneath like nothing happened. His pale green eyes clouded as he stared at her. "Sit" he ordered.

Bluepaw resisted a grumble of annoyance and sat in a scraped up nest. She curled her plumy tail over her paws.

"What is it that you want?" mewed Bluepaw curtly her grey eyes narrowed at the tom.

"What happened," he mewed harshly, his green eyes clearing up. Bluepaw snorted at him, flicking her tail. Finchstar now stood up, and stalked over to her. He towered over her. "What happened?" he repeated. Bluepaw met his gaze and she thought she saw a flicker of surprise.

"I don't know!" Finchstar hissed, grabbing her scruff. He yanked her from the wall and slammed her into the ground. Bluepaw let out a yelp of surprise at the force of the ground. She landed in the heap of moss. She whimpered. A shock of pain shot through her neck as she tried to wriggle out. But Finchstar had a grip on her.

"You don't know! Breezefern is out there. Probably dead," he snarled leaning closer. She could smell mouse on his breath. His fangs gleamed in the small sunlight that filtered into the cave. She widen his eyes as he leaned in. Looking ready to rip her throat out.

13. Lies

Bluepaw struggled under Finchstar's claws. Each paw pressed on her shoulders, his hind leg pressing down on her tail. She hissed as Finchstar looked down, smugly.

"Not so tough now," he growled, his fangs a few centimeters away from her neck. Bluepaw widen her eyes in realization. Her blue-grey fur flatted in fear, her grey eyes bore into his green ones. Finchstar let out a hackled laugh, his claws crawling towards her neck. His brown and red patched fur bristling as he finished laughing. He leaned down, his fangs latching onto her scruff.

She let out a whimper, as he forced her onto on her belly. His paws clasped onto his haunches, as he brought her closer. She glanced over her shoulder and widen her eyes. His green eyes shadowed as he gripped her scruff tighter. He was going to mate with her!

"No!" cried Bluepaw trying to scramble away. "Please no! I'm too young," she yowled and tried to turn and scratch him. Finchstar let out a low growl and shoved her muzzle into the dirt. She whimpered softly, and pressed to the ground.

After 10 seconds, Bluepaw lifted her head. "What about Breezefern! She is expecting your kits!" She heard Finchstar shuffled and leap over her. She tucked her tail under her legs, glancing towards Finchstar. His brown and red fur laid flat down, his green eyes cleared. His face looked haunted as he took a step towards her.

"I'm so sorry-"

"Just stay away from me!" screeched Bluepaw and raced down. Her tail tucked tightly under her legs as she bounded from the den. Tears streamed down her face, as she bounded down the HighLedge. She saw the shooks of confusion and curiosity as they followed her out of camp. She raced to where she could only go. The Windclan Border. She stopped at the border, inhaling the rabbit scent of Windclan. She scanned the flat land, looking for any sign of

Stormfang.

Her heart drooped, as she realized there was no Windclan nearby. She let out a hefty sigh, brushing the tears away with her paw. She felt violated. She tucked her tail between her legs again, and followed the border to the small patch of forest Windclan owned. She trotted back into the forest, follow her and Stormfang's old scents. She came into a clearing, smiling softly. There was a small pond, tree branches overhanging them. A single leaf danced down, and gently landed into the pool. She spotted the gnarled roots in the corner sheltered from any rain. Moss and feather intertwined to make their nest.

"Bluepaw?"

She spun around and saw the familiar pale grey pelt. With white patches. His dark blue eyes almost black bored into hers. She sniffed slightly, as Stormfang widen his eyes. He raced towards her, letting her rest her head in between his neck. He rested his chin on her head.

"Let it all out Bluepaw," he whispered licking her ear. His tail wounded around her, pulling her closer. She released the tears as she sobbed into his neck. A single tear dripped from her cheek and landed onto the ground. Turning the dirt a dark brown. After a few moments, Stormfang pulled away. He gently nudged her to the gnarled roots.

Bluepaw stepped inside the nest, immediately curling up. Her tail covering her nose as her body shaken with sobs. She peeked out, spotting an amused Stormfang.

"Are you going to move over for me?" he purred touching her cheek with his nose. Bluepaw let out a shakily laugh, scooting over a bit. She watched Stormfang step over over and curl beside her. He threw a paw over her, bringing her closer. She inhaled his sweet scent curling into him tighter. Her tears now forgotten as she let out a sigh.

"Stormfang, I have to talk to you."

Bluepaw was honest with him. How Finchstar raped her. How Aspenfall fallen in love with her. Her mother. Her sister. At the mention of her sister, Stormfang stiffed beside her. She knew he tried to change the subject, which she let him. But she couldn't help feeling suspicious. She shifted in her nest, accidentally brushing muzzles with him. His eyes flickered open, as he smiled softly. He reached over to lick her muzzle.

Bluepaw purred glancing up from Stormfang and to the sky. The sun was starting to set. Orange and red streaks started to cover the sky as the sun started to disappear behind the mountains. Bluepaw sat up, letting out sigh.

"Are you sure, you'll be alright?"

Bluepaw glanced at Stormfang who was already crawling out of the nest. His dark blue eyes were deep in sorrow and anger as he rubbed muzzles with him. Bluepaw gently pushed him away and saw a flare of hunger in his eyes but quickly disappeared. Her blue grey fur fluffed up against the cold. She narrowed her cold grey eyes as she glanced at Stormfang. He kept swiveling his head towards the sky and his paws kept shuffling.

"Somewhere you need to be," asked Bluepaw coldly staring at Stormfang. Stormfang merely stared at her in surprise.

"No of course-"

"Tell me the truth Stormfang," she pleaded quietly padding up to him. She pushed him on her back, planting her paws on his shoulders. Leaning back, she twined her tail with his. Stormfang just laid there quietly, staring up at her. His eyes glittered in the fading sunlight as he stared up at her.

Bluepaw.

His Bluepaw.

Bluepaw looked down at him with expecting. Her soft grey eyes staring into his. Stormfang gently pushed her off. He shook out his pelt, walking towards Bluepaw. He twined his body with hers,

giving her a gently nibble on the ear.

"Bluepaw, I-I. Flamecloud's my mate. I-"

"You what? Love Flamecloud? She's expecting your kits," cut off Bluepaw, lashing her tail in defense. She pushed the pale grey tom away, muttering a curse.

"No! Bluepaw that's not true," he called after her. She heard his pawsteps pound behind her, as he leaped in front of her. Bluepaw looked up, her white paws digging the ground in anticipation. Anticipation to rake her claws against his face.

"Maybe that's why meeting other cat is bad. They will always betrayal you," she wailed softly shaking her head. She shoved Stormfang away, and marched out. She heard his calls get distant as she got closer to camp. Finally, she couldn't hear him anymore. She let out a sigh. Why couldn't relationships from other clans work out? She did love him. But did he love her.

She let out a shaky laugh. Of course not. He loved Flamecloud. Flamecloud that piece of crowfood. Her bright orange/ginger pelt. But yet her rogue identity. She stole Stormfang from her.

Bluepaw casted a glance behind her. Her eyes longing for the same pale grey pelt that pressed against her. Her heart tugging for her to belong to Aspenfall. She was torn in two. All that remained was...

Do I love Stormfang? Do I love Aspenfall?

"Bluepaw?"

She whipped her head forward, letting out a warning growl. She saw the shadow shrink away before slinking back up. Her cold grey eyes narrowed, as the shadow shifted and started coming towards her. She first spotted the white ear tips against the shadows and they angled towards her. Aspenfall.

His dark grey pelt blended in the shadows. She watched him come up in front of her. His muscles rippling along his pelt as he moved. She blinked in surprise as the fur bristled along his spine. Bluepaw took a step back, at his sudden angry expression.

"Where have you been?" he hissed angrily, staying hidden in the shadows. His only white ear tips visible against the black night. Bluepaw resisted the urge to snap at him.

"Walking. Clearing my mind," she lied. She was surprised how the lie slipped off her tongue. No remorse floated through her. She watched Aspenfall unsheathe his claws in and out, digging small gorges into the dirt.

"That's a Lie," he spat.

"No it isn't," she retorted, leaning on her heels. She sat in visible moonlight that escaped from the overhanging trees. Aspenfall took a step towards her, a growl rumbling in his throat.

"I watched you. From the first time you started meeting Stormpaw," he spat out Stormfang's name out like it was crowfood. "Then you kept meeting him. I knew you never loved me the way you loved him. When you were injured. I took care of you hoping for the chance you'd fall in love with me. Then I saw the way Finchstar abused you," Bluepaw flinched at him but he took no notice. "But instead of coming towards me. You went to him. Instead of me." He shook his head, letting out a small whine.

"I thought you'd forget him. Love me instead," he whined softly. But his voice got harder. "I stuck by you this whole time! And you choose him! From Windclan." He looked up, meeting a stunned Bluepaw.

"Then, move on. Go chase after Clouddust. Lilythorn. Anyone," mewed Bluepaw harshly seeing Aspenfall flinch back. He looked down, shaking his head.

"It hurts to love you. Bluepaw. First, the fox attack and now-"

"Then don't love me," retorted Bluepaw cutting him off. She was surprised at her coldness. She watched Aspenfall growl, his tail lashing.

"You mouse-brain. Cats care for you. But you won't see it. You reject cats that try to love and protect you," he hissed sharply, this time

making Bluepaw flinch back. He let out a laugh. "I know what's wrong with you. Bluepaw. Your afraid. Afraid of love. But maybe you should be. Because now, you have no one loves you now."

With that, he lashed his tail and stalked away. The shadows swallowing him up. She felt an icy prick stab at her heart. She realized that he was right. No one, Stormfang. No Aspenfall. All she wanted was attention. Now she has none. She let out a whimper, staring at the place where Aspenfall disappeared. All those time, he watched her with Stormfang. He said nothing. He trusted her to tell him. And now, she destroyed his trust. And the rest of Thunderclan.

Bluepaw staggered back towards camp. Her heart broken in two. She slipped past the guard, and into the apprentice den. She saw Aspenfall already curled up in a nest, far away from hers. She stepped over a snoring Wolfclaw, and into her nest. Bluepaw curled up, flicking her nose over her tail. She laid back, letting out a sigh.

The sigh, woken up someone. A shadow started staggering towards her. Smaller than an apprentice. And walked with a limp. Leafkit. She watched the sleepy kit, step over Aspenfall's protective tail and walked towards her. She blinked the sleep out from her blue eyes and staggered towards her. She watched with amusement as Leafkit slipped on a twinge of moss. The blue-grey apprentice leaned up and picked up Leafkit.

The brown she-kit let out a squeak of surprise at the sudden lifting. Bluepaw settled Leafkit between her flank, giving Leafkit a lick on the ear. The kit let out a murmur before curling up beside her. Bluepaw wrapped her plumy tail around the kit bring her closer. Bluepaw smiled softly, before curling up as well. Exhaustion washing over her. Tears clouding her eyes as she closed them.

OMG! FINCHSTAR YOU JUST RAPED BLUEPAW! WHY! Why am I so mean to her. I mean, Aspenfall was that pair of eyes staring at them for the first meeting. And she stormed out on Stormfang for him admitting he might be seeing Flamecloud. Oooh! So much drama in this chapter.

14. Into Darkness

Jay's POV

He casted a shadow into the camp as he slipped into camp. He glanced at the guard, Flint, who nodded at him. The small black and white tom returned his attention towards the entrance. Their camp was just a hollow clearing surrounded by bramble tendrils just like Thunderclan. But unlike Thunderclan, Cry of Darkness had no mercy. They killed everyone who didn't join. Some joined out of fear. Some joined out of revenge. He slipped past the nursery, the milky scent drifting up his nose.

He wished he was still a kit. Maybe he could of stopped Stone. Stone, a vicious tom that trained on his sister, Dapple. Dapple was a beautiful she-kit despite her scars. Because of her timidness she must become the next Healer. His heart skipped a beat, at the mention of the Healer. Sky, a beautiful pale grey she-cat. Her intense blue eyes held his brilliant blue eyes for long. He had to admit, he still has a crush on her.

Jay bounded up the muddy boulder, his claws sinking into the dried mud as he hauled himself up. He quietly slipped into his own den, the pine scent hitting his nose.

"Jay."

He lifted his pale smoky head, staring into the shadows. He saw the blazing pine sap amber eyes of his leader. His presumed new father. He didn't need a father. His leader was a blood thirsty tom.

"Yes? Master," he answered monotone. He gave his pale smoky grey chest a few licks. Before, he thoroughly groomed himself to get rid of the clan scents, even rolled in ferns to cover it. The blazing amber eyes shifted and started towards the entrance. His pelt still hidden in the shadows.

"Where have you been Jay," he growled. Jay flinched, as a flash of

white appeared in the shadows.

"Out walking, clearing my mind," he lied. His gritted his teeth, he hated lying to his leader. Especially with thorn sharp claws that could pierce a skin not even a pinch of pressure. He swished his tail on the ground, brushing away dry leaves that were in his den.

"Jay, just remember where you stand. And tomorrow I want you to stay in camp, while I go out. Your in charge. Druid is coming with me," hissed his leader. He felt his fur bristle along the spine. It was a threat. A clear threat. Jay nodded rather quickly which made the leader narrow his amber eyes. He saw the faintest flick of his leader's tail as he slipped out.

Jay let out a sigh, walking towards his nest. He flinched, at the crunch of old moss.

"Fox dung," he cursed quietly. Spring, his trainee, forgot to change his next. He grumbled as he pushed half of the old crumpled moss away. He plopped down, curling his tail around his body. He stared at the clump of ferns his den was made of. His leader's den was made in between the roots of a great oak tree. His leader made sure that his own den was protected and warm. He didn't care about the others.

The sunlight filtered into the den. He felt his eyelids grow light then they fluttered open. He let out a groan, rolling on his back. The sunlight turned his pelt silver which was usually. He blinked sleep from his eyes hearing the distant howls. He quickly stood up and bounded out of the den. He saw a small grey figure standing over a bundle of brown. The fighters cheering him on while the Healer and hunters stood back.

He let out a yowl from his den, making the fighters turn towards him. He bounded down the muddy boulder and raced towards them. He shoved the fighters aside, spotting black fur clouding his vision.

"You are not stopping this fight!" snarled the voice. A light voice but was full of venom. He pushed the cat away, turning his head to see Shadow, "best" fighter in the pack. He bared his teeth before turning

towards the fight. Widening his eyes, he let out a growl as the dark grey tom kept clawing at something beneath him. He unsheathe a paw, and slammed it into the dark grey tom's flank. That emitted gasps from the crowd. The tom stumbled away, blood dripping from his flank.

"Stone, I have told you once. Not to fight with your sister! She is not used for training. I'd make sure I delay your training," spat Jay stepping towards the kit. Stone hissed back earning a hard cuff from Jay. Jay snarled loudly, stepping on the kit's tail and pinning him down. Sharp claws digging into the kit's shoulder.

"Remember where you stand. Stone," he threatened and stepped off the kit. He glared down towards Sky who tried to make a run towards Stone. "Don't treat the pathetic kit till he learns to respect. Chestnut," he called towards the pale brown she-cat. "Take Dapple to Sky. And make sure, she doesn't treat Stone."

The pale brown she-cat nodded quickly, her pale blue eyes traveling towards a badly injured Dapple. He watched as Chestnut picked up Dapple gently and headed towards the den.

"Who made you in charge! Dapple should be killed," yowled a cat from the crowd. He snapped his attention towards the crowd. They immediately parted, revealing Shadow. The black she-cat that challenged him before. Her forest green eyes flared in anger as they met his blue ones. Without her knowing, Jay charged at her. He slammed into her full force, making her emit a yowl as claws dug into her stomach. He felt claws feebly claw as his back. He smirked, slamming Shadow back onto the ground. His claws catching a bit of her dark grey ear.

The clan gasp, as blood started flowing from her stomach. He stood up, his paws drenched in blood. He glared at the crowd gathered around Shadow. She wasn't going to die but will leave scars that remember him.

"Remember, where you all stand. Stand against me, and face the consequences," he yowled loudly making them shake their heads quickly. He turned his attention towards a staggering Shadow. He leaned down, whispering in her ear.

"Remember, you may be the best fighter. But not as great as me."

With that, he turned tail, spotting Crow helping Shadow up. He sat neatly at the edge of the Muddy Boulder, glancing at the pile. Only a scrawny mouse and squirrel laid there. He let out a disdainful sniff, already spotting the Hunters chatting in their corner of the camp.

"Mouse!" he called over the small grey tom. Mouse lifted his brown muzzle that was flecked with grey, his amber eyes alert. "Lead a Hunting patrol with Smoke, Night, and Whisker. Bring the Trainees along."

The old tom nodded and began gathering his group. He then turned towards the Fighters who sat their angry at what Jay did.

"Resa!" he called out towards the reddish brown she-cat. "Take Claw, Sun, Shimmer and Whip and explore around. Do not go into Clan territory."

Resa nodded, snaking her way into the Trainees den, yelling at them to wake up. Jay watched as they left camp through the torn tunnel, Claw yelling at the trainees suddenly faded.

"Jay?" The pale smoky grey tom jumped in surprise, giving his chest a few embarrassed licks.

"Yes?" he answered. The she-cat purred in amusement. He already knew that purr. Lilith. A pretty light grey she-cat with slightly darker stripes. Her blue green eyes flared with amusement. He certainly knew Lilath had a crush on him.

"Stumpy's complaining. The prisoners are yelling again," meowed Lilath annoyance flaring into his voice. Jay let out a hiss.

"They aren't prisoners. I'll take care of it.!" he snapped making Lilath flinched. He watched Lilath race off, and towards the nursery. Her tail held high, and her fur bristled.

"Ignorant she-cats, seems this "clan" is full of it," muttered Jay, as headed toward the "prisoners" den. To be honest, it was a cave underground. A small tunnel leading towards it. Usually guarded by

two cats. One Hunter and One Fighter. But this time it was just the cream colored tom. Stumpy. His stump tail patted the ground as he saw Jay approaching. His bright yellow eyes that were dulled with annoyance now sparked up.

"Finally! You arrived. That black and brown she-cat would not stop yowling! And those grumpy elders-"

Jay cut him off as he lifted his tail. He dipped his head towards the cream colored tom.

"You may go, Stumpy," he mewed and dismissed the cream tom with a flick of his tail. He turned back to the tunnel leading underground, as he heard the fading pawsteps of Stumpy. He let out a small growl, as he stuck his head inside. He let out a huff as the walls squeezed his flanks. His head brushing the top of the tunnel. He saw the tiniest flicker of light as he poked his head out of the entrance. The thorn tendrils and ferns that covered the ceiling were now torn and bloody. He resisted a growl, as he turned to look at the "prisoners."

He saw the brown she-cat flecked with white curled up near the corner of the den, licking her pads. Bloody pawsteps leading towards her.

"Fawndapple justs angry that you took her away from her mate. When he wasn't rightfully yours!"

Jay turned his head towards the small brown and white elder. Grey flecks covered his muzzle as he glared at the brown she-cat. The brown she-cat let out a hiss and continued licking her paws. He let out a sigh, as the kits eagerly raced towards him. The grey and white mother letting out a sigh before heaving herself up. She quickly grabbed the large dark grey lithe pale grey she-kit with a silver chest and underbelly escaped her prowling paws. She swished her silver tail tip as she stopped right in front of him.

"Why did you take us!," she demanded, her dark blue eyes flared with anger. He dropped towards his belly, brushing against the ground.

"Well then little kitty. I will tell you if you tell me your name," he mewed amused as the kit stopped her paw.

"I am not little!" she growled swishing her tail.

"Your pretty small." Jay swiveled his head towards the other voice. Another kit. More gruff, mostly likely a tom. He spotted the black and grey tom lingering in the shadows by his mother. The pale grey kit turned her head to the kit (mostly likely her brother.)

"Take that back Darkkit!"

"It's true," purred another one. He groaned inwardly turning his head back towards the pale grey kit. A grey tom with black stripes. The pale grey she-cat opened her mouth to yowl, before a pretty white she-cat with black stripes covered her mouth.

"Well then," she hissed through clenched teeth. "That grey tom with black stripes. Is my son, Pebblekit. That annoying pale grey she-kit is Echokit. Black and grey tom is Darkkit. The other large dark grey kit is Crowkit. I'm Nightstreak. Echokit, Darkkit, Crowkit's mother is Greydove. That annoying flea-bag with bloody paws is Fawndapple. Elders are Molewind. Badgerheart and Stripefur."

Jay nodded slowly, watching Greydove gather her kits. Crowkit staying behind, watching Jay through narrowed eyes.

"I'm Jay." He was met by intense silence, as the cats stared at him. Except for one. A black she-cat with brown paws and tail tip. He glared at her till she looked up. Her round face, angular ears. Her white muzzle lifted in determination as her green eyes stared back at his. Her face looked familiar. He dug his claws into the dirt, making tiny gorges. He lifted his head, staring back at her. A smirk tugged at his lips.

"Breezefern," he drawled. The she-cat shudder in surprise.

"How do you know my name?" she croaked suddenly on all fours. Her black fur bristled slightly but her eyes were haunted. Jay smirked, getting closer to one of the "prisoners."

"Coming down Jay! With prey!" yowled a voice from above. Jay

glanced at the tunnel as a couple of mice and a squirrel slide down on the floor. Immediately Echokit raced towards it, snatching the squirrel away from his paws. She scuttled towards the elders and dropped it. Stripefur licking her ear is response. He shoved the mice towards the others, glancing away. He didn't say goodbye.

Before standing on his hind legs and sinking his claws into the dirt. He heaved himself up before feeling a tug on his tail. He glanced back seeing Echokit grab his tail in her mouth. He blinked in amusement as she let go.

"Can I go! Please, I'll be good!" pleaded Echokit, her dark eyes wide as an innocent kit. He sighed, glancing at Greydove who silently glared at her kit. Finally after a few moments she nodded. Her eyes were wary with sleep.

"Just be careful," she added silently. Jay nodded grabbing Echokit by the scruff. He heaved the pale grey she-cat into the tunnel, pushing her in. The kit squeaked in protest as she was being pushed through. He grumbled a curse as he grabbed the kit. He sunk his claws into the walls of entrance. He pushed his head through, a bit of dirt falling on his head. He sat the kit near the hole, as he heaved himself up. His flanks heaved in and out as Echokit widen her eyes.

"The camp is big!" mewed Echokit in amazement standing up. She tried to dart away but Jay stepped on her tail. She glanced back, letting out a snort.

"Jay!" He turned his head spotting a dark ginger pelt racing towards him. He felt Echokit unlatch her tail from his paw. But instead of darting away, she crept closer to him. Pressing against him as Echokit looked at him.

"Jay when are our assessments!" asked the dark ginger she.

"I-"

"Who are you," interrupted Echokit, pulling away from Jay. The dark ginger she-cat looked down, a smile tugged at her lips.

"Flare."

"Well Flare, I'm Echokit and where did you get that scar on your shoulder?" asked Echokit rearing up to look at her shoulder. Jay watched as Echokit placed a paw on Flare's chest and looked up. A paw pressing closer to her chest as Flare might bite it off. But instead of Flare snapping, she relaxed nudging the kit off.

"Stone. The vicious tom. I was lucky I escaped the nursery," muttered Flare.

"Who's Stone?"

A screech was heard from Jay's left side. Before he could react a dark grey blur ran passed him and slammed into Echokit. Jay hissed as Echokit's screams were muffled by the kit's fur.

"Stone get off Echokit this instance," snarled Jay cuff Stone's chest and he recoiled. Stone fluffed up his fur in defense as he glared at Echokit.

"This prisoner was escaping," retorted Stone. Jay shook his head picking up a stunned Echokit. He placed her between her paws, licking her ear gently. The pale grey kit purring and snuggling back.

"This prisoner was a kit. And I took her out." Jay forced his neck fur to lie flat. "Besides how do you know this is a prisoner?"

"So taking a young mate. Jay, isn't that wrong," spat Stone his tiny claws kneading the ground in anticipation. Hunger shone in his eyes as he glanced at Echokit. Jay growled softly. Cobwebs lined Stone's flanks and ear. Sky treated him against his word. "Shadow took me inside it. I saw those worthless clan cats."

"I'll deal with her later," muttered Jay so low only Flare could hear. The dark ginger she-cat nodded and dove off. Heading straight for the Healer's den.

"No, it isn't Stone. And for your information she isn't my mate. Just a kit, I wanted her to take her out. Being the only she-kit in that den ." Stone smirked, showing sharp pointy teeth.

"Good, she can be mine. For when I become leader," growled Stone marching over to his paws. He yanked Echokit out, making her yelp

in pain. He started dragging her towards the Nursery, cuffing her ear. Jay sat in daze, his eyes hazy. He shook his head, looking up. Jay hissed, and ran after him. Seeing him, disappear into the nursery. He marched in, spotting Fern and Birch playing. Misty and Feather sharing tongues nearby.

"Where's Stone?" he asked harshly.

Fern, the cream and pale grey she-cat, glanced at him before pointing her tail in the direction of the corner of the den. Jay nodded at her and stalked past them. He felt the glares of Feather as he spotted the pale grey pelt of Echokit. He stalked towards them, standing behind the tom. He didn't even notice.

"Well then, Echokit. From now on your my mate. And you must satisfy me. Got it?" spat Stone. Echokit let out a whimper. Stone quick as a light, cuffed her ear hard. "Got it" he repeated. Jay grabbed the kit's scruff, making him yell in protest.

"Need help?" Jay glanced and saw Birch, Misty's other kit, staring at Echokit in the corner.

"Yes, can you take her to Sky's den," he mewed through muffled fur. Birch nodded and began trying to coax Echokit out of the corner. After a few moments of waiting, with Stone furiously swiping at the air. Echokit came out, shooting Birch a grateful glance. The tom nodded, and pressed close to Echokit. Putting a tail over her shoulder as he followed Jay out. He tightened his grip on Stone as he walked towards the Healer's den. The murmurs of Birch and Echokit followed him.

He spotted the lichen covered hollow oak tree. Vines overhanging in the entrance. He ducked inside, brushing away the vines for the kits. He spotted the pale grey she-cat sorting out herbs. Muttering their herb names.

"Sky," he hissed through Stone's fur. Sky looked up, widening her eyes at who it was. He dropped Stone, hissing at him to stay still. Jay looked up, spotting Echokit curled up in a nest, Birch curled up next to her. Grooming her.

"Why did you treat him against my word!?" he asked coldly, curling his tail over his paws. Sky glared at him.

"Because a healer's word is more important! And it's a kit! Shadow said that," retorted Sky her intense blue eyes flared with anger and annoyance.

"That kit is a monster. And you have reason to believe that Shadow is right? She let Dapple almost get mauled by a monster of kit! And what do you have to say for yourself," he hissed. Sky widen her eyes, taking a step back. She swallowed.

"My duty is to protect my clanmates." Jay let out a shaky laugh.

"Really? You came to believe that when you became a healer you were grumpy. But I know the reason why. You didn't want kits or forced to mate for more warriors of war!" he yowled at her.

"I-"

"Forget it Sky," growled Jay. He stepped past her, brushing against her lightly. He ignored the jumpy feeling he got, and picked up Echokit. She mewed in protest as she was woken up from sleeping and got taken away from Birch. The brown tabby tom let out a small whine, as his gaze followed Echokit in his mouth. He started towards the entrance, but Sky's words echoed in his mind.

"M-my duty is to protect my clanmates. That is my rightful duty," sighed Sky. Jay let out a snort and glanced back at the pale grey she-cat.

"We aren't the Clans. Get that into your mind. Remember what they did to your mother."

15. Freedom

Bluepaw watched sadly as Leafkit tumbled out of the nursery, tripping on her twisted paw. Dark clouds clouded the sky, covering the sun. A flash of yellow streaking across the sky, creating a loud booming sound. She let out a sigh, as the smell of rain traveled across the breeze.

"Mom?" Bluepaw snapped her attention to Leafkit, the brown tabby kit staring at her. Bluepaw tried to fake a smile but it turned to a frown. As if sensing her sadness, Leafkit stared up at her with wide eyes. "You were more of a mom than Nightstreak ever was." Bluepaw purred and wrapped her tail around the kit. She scooted the brown tabby kit closer. She felt the vibrations of the purr against her blue grey fur. Her brown tabby fur mixed in with her blue-grey.

"Watch out Leafkit. She might betray you." Bluepaw looked up and saw Aspenfall lingering at the entrance. His body consumed in the shadows but his dark blue eyes visible. It shined with anger laced with sorrow. She resisted a growl as she glared up at felt Leafkit move around to glare at Aspenfall.

"You know she never will," argued Leafkit, her voice icy. Bluepaw glanced down to see Leafkit sat back down. Leafkit let out a miserable sigh, patting a strand of Bluepaw's fur. "But what happened between you? Can't we go back to be a family," pleaded Leafkit, looking up at Aspenfall. Her blue eyes wide with sorrow. Aspenfall looked down, his eyes softening. Leafkit stepped over her tail, tripping a bit. As she staggered towards him, she pushed her muzzle into his leg. Aspenfall let out a purr and looked up and Bluepaw.

Anger swam in his eyes as he nudged Leafkit away. "We can't Leafkit. Not ever." With that he walked away, towards Scartalon. The black and white tom organizing patrols. The brown tabby she-kit sat down, glumly. Anger surged inside her as she licked Leafkit. The brown tabby shoving her away, before marching back into the

warriors den. Her tail dragging on the floor.

Bluepaw let of a hiss of anger before whipping around towards the HighLedge. She paused, seeing Finchstar, His brown and red fur slicked to perfection. His green eyes shone with determination. She let out a snort. Her fox heart leader. Was doing better than she was.

"Let all cats old enough, to catch their own prey gather beneath the HighLedge." His voice boomed across the camp. Bluepaw watched as the patrols sat nearby, Clouddust sitting next to Aspenfall. This time, he was tense. He was happy.

"I am here to today to make an apprentice, a warrior. Bluepaw step forward." Bluepaw widen her eyes in surprise but took a spot near the Highledge.

"I, Finchstar, leader of Thunderclan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. She has trained long and hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn. Bluepaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"I do."

"Then by the powers of Starclan, I give you your warrior name. Bluepaw, from this moment you will be known as Bluestone. Starclan honors your spirit and courage-"

"I doubt she is any of those things. Except scared and weak," snickered Clouddust from the edge. Bluepaw turned her head to see, Clouddust leaning on Aspenfall wheezing from laughter. Aspenfall laughing with her to. Bluepaw felt her heart crack as she turned to face Finchstar. Blinking back tears.

Finchstar turned to glare at her before jumping down the Highledge. She shuddered as he rested her muzzle on his head, and she hesitantly licked his shoulder.

"Bluestone! Bluestone!" cheered some cats.

Bluestone let out a sigh, and flicked her tail as the cats milled

around after the ceremony. She watched as the black and white tom started towards her. Scartalon flicking his scarred ears.

"Go hunting," mewed Scartalon curtly flicking one of his scarred ears. He turned to walk but in the process he looked over his shoulder. "Good Job Bluestone. You deserved it." With that he walked away, his black ringed tail flicking his tail around. Bluestone felt a spark of happiness inside her. The deputy. That always hurt her. Said Good job.

Bluestone smiled softly and proceeded towards the entrance. She pushed past the bramble tendrils, the soft thorns pricking at her fur. She stopped ,lifting her muzzle to the air. She peeked through the canopy of trees to see the clouds turning gray. A small breeze gently brushing past her. The smell of rain floating through her nostrils.

Bluestone flicked her ear, digging her claws into the soft ground. Soft mud covering her white paws staining it light brown. She lifted a paw, shaking off the excess mud. But it stayed. She grumbled a curse and headed in the direction of the Horseplace.

She took off and a steady pace. Not caring that the branches whipped at her face or the leaves caught in her fur. A shot of brown flashed across her path. Bluestone paused in her path just enough time to see a reddish brown squirrel darted up a tree branch. She let out a low growl.

"Your not escaping me," hissed Bluestone quietly and rushed up towards the tree bark. She sunk her claws into the tree holds. She darted up the tree to see the squirrel edging towards the edge of the branch. Its wide eyes holding terror. Bluestone paused in her stalking, sinking her claws into the bark securely. The wind started to pick up harshly, blowing through her fur. She stared at it, remembering the jay. It had to be an omen. But the squirrel.

Bluestone narrowed her grey orbs at the squirrel. She let out a sigh, dropping back down. She landed gracefully, swishing her tail across the ground. Brushing away any dried leaves. She glanced up at the squirrel to see it staring down her at confusion. She briskly shook her head before turning back.

She turned towards the left, ducking into a bush. She felt the bush twigs poke at her and grab at her. Like paws dragging her towards the lake, to drown her. Bluestone sighed, and dragged herself out. The smell of blood hitting her nose. Bluestone glanced around, terror glazed in her eyes. She ran blindly in the direction of the metallic scent. She stopped at a clump of ferns to stare down in brown and red fur.

Finchstar. His fur matted with blood. A large slash running down his chest, bite marks covering his tail. His green eyes glazed over. His body shuddering. Without thinking she grabbed nearby cobwebs and started slapping them on. She let out a sigh, as the blood soaked through the sticky cobwebs. She flicked her ear as the pawsteps came running towards her. She stood up and realization dawned on her.

"Bluestone?"

The blue grey she-cat turned around to see the horrified faces of Aspenfall, Clouddust, Wolfclaw and Lilythorn. Her sister stared at her, terror creeping into her face.

"You monster! You killed our leader," snarled Clouddust. The white and black tipped she-cat unsheathed her claws and let out a yowl. She leaped at her, but Lilythorn stepped in. The golden and white she-cat shoved Clouddust into the blood. The white she-cat screeching in disgust as she looked at her blood soaked fur.

"Bluestone never did this. She may be ugly and feisty. But she is not a murder," growled Lilythorn, the golden and white she-cat glancing at Bluestone. Bluestone shook her head slightly staring at her blood soaked white paws.

The evidence pointed towards her. She found the body. Bluestone let out a whimper staring up at Wolfclaw. The grey and white tom staring at her, deciding whether to believe her or not.

"Let's just get this monster towards camp. I'll do it myself. You guys carry the body," hissed other voice. Bluestone looked up to see Aspenfall staring at her with his cold dark blue eyes. Monster. That's what she was. Monster. Bluestone nodded and took her shaky

legs towards the tom. The tom that once loved her.

Bluestone felt Aspenfall nudge on to move. Halfway towards camp, she stopped. Her legs stopped moving. Teeth met her scruff as she felt Aspenfall drag her towards camp. Her paws made small treads in it, as Aspenfall pulled away the bramble tendrils. She heard the distant yowls of what happened. Why is Bluestone covered in blood!

Bluestone saw a black she-cat moving towards her. Placing paws on her shoulders to shake her. Her green eyes holding such ferocity. But until, the black she-cat moved back. Raising an unsheathe claw. She merely stared at it. Until the she-cat brought it down. Pain shot through behind her ear and spine. Bluestone yowled at leaped at the she-cat.

Claws dug in her shoulders as she was yanked off of the she-cat.

"Don't touch me," shrieked Bluestone shoving off her attacker. She stood up, staring around. Realization shining in her eyes. Bluestone looked down, seeing a half conscious Hollyripple being dragged towards the medicine cat den. Bite marks covering her neck. She glanced around to see the terrified looks of her clanmates.

Bluestone felt the distant rattle of the bramble tendrils. She stared at it, as Finchstar's body came into view. The patrol holding onto him. Her clanmates let out yowls as some rushed towards them. Bluestone just watched as Kestrelstalk came out, staring at the body.'

"Who killed him!" yowled Scartalon. The deputy crouching near the leader's body. Suddenly a rush of breeze brushed past her as she looked up. Clouddust was staring down at her.

"Bluestone did! We found her at the body. Blood on her paws!" yowled Clouddust from the HighLedge. Bluestone heard the crowd hush. Her time in Thunderclan was over. She might be Free.

Surprising Chapter!

16. Digging Up Old Secrets

Bluestone watched dumbfounded as Clouddust accused her of murdering Finchstar. The crowds all hushed over, as she glanced around. Aspenfall looked shocked on his paws as he leaned over on Wolfclaw in support. Hollyripple peered from the medicine cat den, her dark green eyes visible in the shadows. They held distrust but yet it lingered with surprise.

"Get down from there would you!" snarled some cat. Bluestone turned to see the familiar black and white cat hunched over Finchstar. Scartalon snapped his head up, his icy blue eyes glaring daggers at Clouddust. Clouddust let out a hiss of annoyance before hopping down, her tail lashing in defense. Scartalon relaxed his shoulders before turning to address the whole crowd.

"I will not be getting my 9 lives until we find this killer," he mewed. The message was followed by uncontrollable hisses and murmurs.

"But Scarstar, what if the killer kills you! Then we'll be leaderless," piped up Swanstone. The small silver she-cat leaned on Acornpelt, fear smeared across her face.

The black and white tom narrowed his eyes and leaped up onto the HighLedge. He sat down, curling his scarred tail over his paws.

"I will not be called Scarstar. If the murder kills me so be it. But I will name my deputy." Scartalon let out a sigh, and lifted his head up. His icy blue eyes sweeping across the crowd.

"My deputy will be Mosspelt!"

An uneasy feeling settled in her stomach as she watched the stunned grey and white tom step forward.

"I will lead Thunderclan the best I can do."

Bluestone sucked in a breath as she turned to glance at Lilythorn.

Her sister stared in distress at Mosspelt. She saw Petalfire and Mudfang shifting uneasily glancing at their paws. Even Acornpelt noticed his previous apprentice upset at something. She started to get up but a cough made her sit back down. She sat down glancing up. Mosspelt glared at her.

"As my first act of deputy, I declare that Bluestone must be the one to find those missing. My mate and kit."

Bluestone cocked her head, curious yet suspicious about Mosspelt.

"Why does that useless cat get to be the hero," asked Ivyheart coldly. The smoky grey she-cat narrowed her bright blue eyes at Bluestone. Her smoky grey fur bristling along the spine as she stared up at the deputy. Scartalon oddly silently through the whole thing. Finally he spoke up.

"I agree with Mosspelt. I will allow Bluestone and Lilythorn to investigate this." Yowls of uproar were heard throughout the camp. Bluestone flinched back at the harsh remarks from her clanmates. She saw Lilythorn sitting there silently, shocked. Bluestone watched as Scartalon flicked his tail at the uproared crowd before hopping down. The crowd parted, silently seething at Scartalon's annoucements.

"You two, come with me now."

Bluestone gulped and started behind Scartalon. She noticed Lilythorn slipping in beside her as they walked together towards the medicine cat den. Silence slipping in between them except for the constant murmurs of cats as they passed them.

"Kestrelstalk," called out Scartalon. Bluestone watched as the cream and brown tom emerged from the shadows, his green eyes shadowed in fear.

"Come in," he mewed softly before slipping back into the shadows. Scartalon nodded at them and slipped inside himself. Without another glance behind her she slipped into the den where she once called home. She remembered Kestrelstalk protecting her from the taunts and claws. She could proudly call Kestrelstalk her father.

Bluestone's chain of thoughts broke as she spotted Finchstar's body. His fur smelled of lavender and his fur sharply groomed.

"How did this happen? He had 4 lives left," murmured Scartalon as he sat beside her. His icy blue eyes on the verge of tears as he stared at the former leader's body.

"Most likely rogues. Skilled ones as well. They soaked their claws in deathberries. They stole two of his lives but once Bluestone discovered him. The deathberries took his final life."

"But why!" cried out Scartalon, his body racking in harsh sobs. Bluestone flattened her ears as she stared at the black and white tom. The tom that tortured her when she was a kit. Sympathy sparked inside her as she leaned onto the tom in support. Bluestone sighed loudly as Scartalon sobbed into her shoulder.

"I-I have to tell you this."

Scartalon looked up, backing away from her. Anger creeping into his gaze. "You killed him! You killed him you monster! From this day on your exiled!" Bluestone shrugged, not caring if she was exiled or not. But sadly, Lilythorn interfered. Bluestone shifted uneasily, glancing at Scartalon who looked equally confused.

"Scartalon, stop this. There was no fur between his claws. I am pretty sure that Bluestone isn't smart enough to take out the fur." That earned a warning growl from Bluestone.

"She's right. But I don't see why you want to protect Bluestone. All you ever done is torture her," hissed Kestrelstalk, the tom's eyes glinted dangerously in the dark. The cream and brown tom never liked Lilythorn. The golden and white she-cat's pelt was clean of scars and glossy as ever.

"Because," drawled out Lilythorn. "I-"

"Enough," snarled Scartalon startling Kestrelstalk and Lilythorn. "Bluestone you are to lead this investigation. Take whoever you want." Scartalon still held a hit suspicious but nodded at the two before flicking his tail. The black and white tom turned his back on

them and started talking to Kestrelstalk. The medicine cat staring at them until they left.

Bluestone sat there silently nodding before slipping out. She stared across camp, wondering who to take.

"We should definitely take Nettleclaw, Wolfclaw and Aspenfall." Lilythorn's voice sent shock waves through her spine. She hissed in annoyance as Lilythorn started searching for those three toms.

"Are you sure you want to take 3 toms. I mean we should take Petalfire or at least Ivyheart since she wanted to do this so badly," asked Bluestone glancing at her so called sister. The gold and white she-cat glared at her.

"Petalfire and Ivyheart don't like you. You want to put up with them through this whole investigation." Before Bluestone had time to argue, Lilythorn walked away. Straight towards Aspenfall and Clouddust. Bluestone let out a curse and ran after her.

"Aspenfall your joining us on the investigation," she heard Lilythorn mew as she caught up with her. Before the dark grey tom could say anything, Clouddust shoved a bit towards Lilythorn.

"I would love to! So I think we should go up to those tribes. Oh and I'll lead. So the first order would be, that useless cat is off-"

"Shut up Clouddust. I'm asking Aspenfall not you," snarled Lilythorn suddenly making Clouddust flinch. The stunned Clouddust sat back leaning against Aspenfall. The dark grey tom hissing in annoyance and shoving her away.

"I guess that'll be fun." Lilythorn nodded curtly before heading over to Nettleclaw. The golden brown tom staring at Hollyripple. The black she-cat eating a finch, cobwebs lining her neck. Did I do that?

"Yes you did, you were so freaked out. Mother tried to help you." Lilythorn shrugged as Bluestone stared at her surprised. She never noticed Hollyripple ever trying to help her. Since that argument she never talked or noticed her "mother". She flattened her ears as she saw sympathetic glazed in Lilythorn's eyes.

"You know, Bluestone. I never asked to be like this," Lilythorn sighed heavily. "I never asked to be the most liked one. Beautiful and smart." Amusement hid behind these words as she glanced at Bluestone a light smile on her face. Bluestone shook her head, she didn't want to hear this. She raced off, straight towards Nettleclaw. The golden brown tom jumped in surprise glancing around.

"Hello, father." Bluestone glanced behind her to see Lilythorn caught up to her. Venom dripped behind every word as her "sister" glared at Nettleclaw. The golden brown tom gulped.

"Hollyripple told you." He sighed heavily.

"The thing is that you protected Bluestone this time. But what about me! I am your daughter too! I wanted a father-"

"No you didn't," spat Nettleclaw harshly making Lilythorn flinch. "You clawed your sister. You lied. You sent everyone against her. And you think you deserve pity for not having a father! Has Hollyripple told you the whole truth! Bluestone needed someone when everyone hurt her. I just happened to have a heart unlike you!"

Bluestone watched as tears clouded Lilythorn's eyes. "I-i...just wanted-"

"Shut up Lilythorn! You have to learn everything isn't about you! You aren't perfect. You are the Dark Forest. Leader heck if you wanted to bring it that far. You aren't my daughter. My daughter actually has feelings and cares about someone. Unlike that pathetic thing that is standing in front of me. Come back to me when you learned and I'll be a father. But right leave me."

Bluestone watched as Lilythorn raced out. She caught a glimpse of tears streaming down her face as she fled. She turned towards Nettleclaw. He was watching with a tight expression but his face showed sorrow.

"You were a little harsh on her." Nettleclaw turned towards Bluestone, narrowing his dark blue eyes.

"She needs harshness. She needs to learn." With that, the tom whisked around and fled into a nearby den. Bluestone sighed heavily, staring at the cloudy sky. A booming sound could be heard from a distance.

"It's going to rain isn't it?"

Bluestone turned behind her to see Russetclaw with a solemn expression. The russet tom sat beside Bluestone staring back up at the stormy clouds.

"Bluestone, you need to bring her back." Russetclaw now turned towards her. His green eyes held so much sorrow and his cheeks were matted with tears. "Everyday I pray to Starclan that Greydove with come back safely with our kits. Even Though they aren't mine, I love them."

"I know you do-"

"No you don't Bluestone. I actually love her. Her smile, her laugh, her soft fur as we laid together. The kits gathered near her belly," he confessed before turning his gaze towards the sky once more. "Echokit, Darkkit, Crowkit, my beautiful kits. And their beautiful mother, Greydove."

"I will find them," she promised. Russetclaw sighed and pressed against Bluestone slightly. The blue grey she-cat leaned on the tom as a chilly breeze blew past them. He rested his chin on her head.

"You have to find all of them. The elders, Fawndapple, Pebblekit and Nightstreak. Even though you don't like Pebblekit and Nightstreak. They have family. Mosspelt truly loves them and maybe even Leafkit."

Bluestone snorted in amusement. "Like he'll ever love Leafkit." Russetclaw pulled away from her, tipping her head so she was facing him.

"He loves all of them. Trust me Bluestone. You've been through a lot and I know you never experienced these feelings. But Bluestone, you having someone special waiting for you." He gestured towards

Aspenfall who was watching Leafkit prance around the fresh kill pile. He turned towards Bluestone.

"He loves you, you know. He will never give up ever since he saw you. I could remember the same exact words he was chatting to me when he was an apprentice."

"You should of seen her Russetclaw! Her blue-grey fur shone in the sunlight. The scars showed how tough she was and she could overcome anything."

Aspenpaw pranced around the forest, smiling to himself. Russetclaw watched as the apprentice kept daydreaming about the kit. The abused kit.

"What do you most like about her?"

Aspenpaw paused and turned towards Russetclaw. "Her eyes. The most beautiful shade of silver even with tints of grey if you stare into them closely. The way they hold the most intense ferocity. She is brighter than Starclan itself. I'll go through anything just to be with her."

Bluestone watched as Russetclaw finished. Her eyes wide at the recalling memory. She didn't even notice the russet tom slipping off into the shadows. She watched Aspenfall pick up Leafkit and gently walking to the den. She really watched as his muscles rippled under his pelt. The moonlight danced off his pelt once he disappeared into the shadows.

Bluestone didn't know how long she was standing there, thinking about what Russetclaw said. By now everyone was asleep except for Swanstone who was guarding. The sky boomed every now and again. Rain poured down from the sky and onto her.

"Your going to catch a cold."

Bluestone glanced behind her to see, Aspenfall concealed in the shadows. The only thing visible was his white paws and ear tips. This was just like when he confronted her about Stormfang. She looked away and continued to watch the rain slide away from the

cap and bunch up on her paws.

"I like the rain." She heard a snort of amusement from Aspenfall. "What? Do you not like the rain?"

"I do-"

"Then come out"

Bluestone let out a weak purr as she heard the slosh of puddles and felt a pelt brush against her. Aspenfall curled a tail around her and brought the blue grey warrior closer to him. She leaned on his shoulder as they stared at the pouring sky.

"I remember Hollyripple would always yell and claw at me when she saw me drenching wet in the rain. She didn't want her precious Lilykit to get a cold."

"You shouldn't that memory Bluestone." The tom nudged her shoulder, making Bluestone looked up. The familiar dark blue eyes that held so much emotion. Bluestone sighed, looking down. She placed a drenched paw into the wet dirt. She watched as Aspenfall lifted his slowly up and placed it on top of hers. Aspenfall let out a small purr as Bluestone didn't remove it.

"I love you Bluestone." Bluestone watched as Aspenfall glanced down at her, waiting for an answer. With no hesitation she looked him in the eye.

"I love you too." Their tails slowly entwined as they sat out in the rain. Both of them staring out into the stormy sky. But none of it mattered. Bluestone finally knew what it meant to feel loved. But not by a family member. But by a tom. Aspenfall loved her. And she loved him. She wouldn't do anything to change that.

This did have a bit of fluff with Aspenfall and Bluestone who are officially mates I presume after I wrote this. Anyways... was Nettleclaw a bit harsh on Lilythorn or did she deserve it? I mean, Lilythorn had this coming with her "perfectness." Pffttt, unlikely she'll escape that lesson.

17. Behind The Walls

Jay's POV

The wind picked up harshly ruffling his smoky grey fur. Red and orange streaks raced across the sun as the sun quickly started to set. The trees swayed silently in the wind, carefully covering the sound of pounding of paws.

"Jay, he's back," murmured a soft voice from the mouth of his cave. The smoky grey tom turned his head, meeting the intense of icy blue eyes. The Healer, poked her head in staring at the ruffled tom. Jay nodded, and forced himself up. His legs wobbled and his eyes were blood shot.

"Sky tell him I'm coming. First, let me -"

"I'll help you," interrupted Sky. The pale grey she-cat weaved her way around shredded moss and leaves, her eyes focused on the tom in front of her. Jay resisted a grunt, he could tell Sky was trying not to dart a look at the scratch marks on the wall. He sat down on his haunches, not enjoying the raspy tongue on his clumped up pelt.

"Leader is angry that you injured one of his best fighters. He wanted to slit your throat we heard that," mewed Sky quietly as she licked his shoulder fur down. "But I convinced otherwise. Jay I know your intentions but you are too young for this position. Step down and let Bark or Flint take over. They are older."

Jay hissed quietly making Sky inwardly flinch. Bark. The same mottled brown tom that tried to rape that blue-grey apprentice. He blinked back to when he first met Lilythorn, Lilypaw back then. The golden and white she-cat thought she was "perfect" but Jay could tell she was far from ever being perfect.

"Come on Jay, your ready," murmured Sky nudging the tom's shoulder. Jay turned to look at Sky, nuzzling her neck. He put a paw around her shoulder, pushing her closer.

"Watch out Sky."

Jay pulled away from the pretty she-cat and walked towards the den. He blinked rapidly getting his eyes adjusted to the dimming light. There he saw Druid, Second in Command to Leader. The black tom was speaking with Whip. The trainee was trying hard not to blush as the tom smiled at her. He sat there watching him for a few seconds before Druid's multi-colored eyes spotted him.

The black tom excused himself from the pretty Trainee and stalked up to him. Druid launched himself onto the muddy rock and sat next to Jay.

"You seem pretty busy with Whip over there," mused Jay watching as the pale silver Trainee was talking to Shimmer. By the way her blue eyes glowed and that shade of red on Whip's cheek, no doubt they were talking about Druid. He glanced to the side of Druid, seeing the muscular jet black tom shift uncomfortable.

"She's too young besides there's also Ghost. She's rather pretty too," mewed Druid that tom trying to pinpoint the pale grey she-cat. His eyes glimmered with satisfaction as he spotted the pale grey she-cat talking to a group of Hunters. Leaf and Night on each side of her, laughing as Ghost blushed really hard.

Jay let out a snort of amusement. "Good Luck with that. All the she-cats will come chasing after you." Druid didn't respond but stared at his paws as the wind blew up harshly. Jay lifted his muzzle in the air, widening his eyes at the familiar scent.

"Enough with the small talk. Druid, Jay meet me in the den Now," growled a gruff voice. Jay turned his head to see, Dark, his leader behind him. His amber eyes glittering dangerously as he beckoned them towards his cave surrounded by gnarled oak roots.

Jay nodded and stood up hesitantly. Druid and his Leader we're already making their way to his den. He turned to observe the camp, to see it all went quiet. They all wondered where their leader was for the past couple days.

Jay made his way, poking his head in the darkness. Dark, his

leader, was already seated in his nest in the middle of the den. Druid a bit sideways from them.

"Sit," ordered Dark. Jay sat and noticed the slightest movement from Dark in the shadows. "I heard from Trout that you attacked Shadow. Why?" Before Jay could stop himself he blurted out,

"Shadow was encouraging a fight between Stone and Dapple. Dapple was harmless and she shouldn't of been attacked." Jay leaned back, taking in a deep breath. He watched as Dark let out a chuckle, his amber eyes meeting his brilliant blue ones.

"Dapple is just a useless cat. The keyword in your statement being harmless. We need ruthless cats."

"S-she could be a Healer like Sky!" Dark let out another chuckle, unsheathing a claw. So that Jay could see sets of razor sharp grey claws in the shadows.

"Healers are pathetic! You can't even mate with them. Which is about time I change that," grinned Dark evilly glancing at Druid. The jet black tom remained expressionless as he heard the conversation going on.

"You can't do that," snarled Jay louder than he wanted too. Dark snapped his amber eyes towards Jay and stood up. His leader stalked over towards the smoky grey tom. He leaned in so far he could smell the freshly killed mouse on his breath.

"I am the Leader! I do what I want. Understand," hissed Dark. Jay nodded weakly as Dark stepped back, his amber eyes glowing as he dismissed Jay.

Jay stepped out as another harsh wind picked up. But this time he could identify the scents. *Deathberries and Thunderclan....*

Bluestone's POV

"We should go back inside," murmured a soft voice in her ear. The warm voice tickled her ear as she glanced up at her mate. Aspenfall smiled softly, nuzzling her neck. Bluestone purred as she felt Aspenfall nudge her in the direction of the Apprentice den.

"It's abandoned with no apprentice."

Bluestone sighed and nodded, as they stepped into the den. They were immediately met by warm winds as they collided with their wet pelts. Aspenfall quickly made a nest with the leftover moss and plopped down. Bluestone laid beside him, resting her head on her white paws. She could feel Aspenfall's tongue run over her pelt over and over. Bluestone let out a weak purr after what felt like a few moments.

She leaned against Aspenfall, enjoying the warmth of his freshly groomed pelt. She could feel Aspenfall's breath on her neck as the dark grey tom threw a paw over her. He brought her closer to her, curling his tail around her. Eventually, his breathing evened and he was asleep.

Bluestone sighed, blinking her grey eyes. She stared about into the world as another thunderbolt flashed across the side, jolting her. Aspenfall let out a mutter and flipped around. Bluestone looked over and chuckled slightly. That tom was always a deep sleeper.

The rain pounded over the roof of the den. Bluestone shuddered as a gust of wind blew inside. She dug closer to Aspenfall, curling her tail over her nose as another gust blew inside. She sighed, closing her eyes once more in hopes of she finally fall asleep.

Bluestone woke up to the sound of soft murmuring voices. The pitter patter of rain could be heard from the ceiling. She perked up her ears, lifting her head from the cover of her tail. She could spot the dark pelt of Aspenfall sitting in front of the entrance. The slightest bit of sunlight shone on his pelt as he shifted over.

In front of him was a sleek jet black she-cat, faint red scratches on her neck. She pushed down her guilt and stood up carefully. She avoided the hard moss until she stood right behind her neck. She leaned over to see, Hollyripple had already spotted her. Amusement shined in her dark green eyes as she continued to talk to Aspenfall.

Bluestone smiled, and dove into a crouch. She snaked a tail over his shoulder, touching him. Aspenfall let out a grunt and turned around slowly. Before he knew it, Bluestone launched himself onto him.

Her white paws hitting his shoulders as they tumbled out into the soft drizzle of rain. Bluestone let out a laugh as Aspenfall disentangled himself from her and fell back into the mud.

Bluestone put a paw on her shoulder, watching Aspenfall's face. Half of his body was covered in mud, as well as his muzzle. Bluestone however wasn't as worst. Only her paws and haunches were covered.

Aspenfall's eyes suddenly snapped open. "That was the first time I heard you laugh," murmured Aspenfall, leaning his head back onto the mud. Bluestone cocked her head, a smile tugged at her lips.

"Hey! Lovebirds you done mooning over each other?" yowled a voice. Bluestone looked up, her pelt burning in embarrassment. She spotted Lilythorn a bit away, her blue eyes shining with amusement. Bluestone stepped off of Aspenfall, flattening her ears against the drizzle of rain.

"I'll be back later," murmured Bluestone touching her nose to his ear. Aspenfall moved away, catching Bluestone's muzzle with his. Bluestone purred softly and parted ways with Aspenfall. She hurried over to her "sister", raising a paw to cuff her. Bluestone's paw caught Lilythorn in the ear making the she-cat back away, a fake hurtful look on her face.

"What is it," hissed Bluestone. Lilythorn let out an arrogant snort.

"No time to explain. Just follow," ordered Lilythorn. Bluestone shrugged and glanced over shoulder. Her grey eyes grew cold as she saw Clouddust attempting to get closer to Aspenfall. The dark grey tom oblivious to her or pretending not to be. Scartalon seemed to notice the glare as he looked up. His eyes suddenly lit up and he jumped between the cats, surprising then. I nodded in approval, and turned back to Lilythorn who narrowed her blue eyes.

"Jealously Sister? I never knew you to be that type," snickered Lilythorn. The gold and white she-cat watched Bluestone's expression, closely. Her face turned from emotionless to horrified. Lilythorn let out a sigh, rapping Bluestone's head with her tail. "Hello? Sister. Come on were wasting precious daylight."

Bluestone huffed in annoyance, and batted Lilythorn's tail away. Lilythorn shrugged, and proceeded towards the entrance. She ignored the drizzle of rain on her precious fur as she walked through. Bluestone trotted after him, slipping past the bramble tendrils. She could still hear, Lilythorn's words echoing in her head. *Jealously. Jealously*.

Bluestone sighed, ducking underneath a branch. The sky let out another roaring thunder. The rain drizzling a bit harder than before. She stopped, hearing a crack. She looked up, seeing the leaves break under the pressure. The leaves gave in, and water flowed straight onto Bluestone's head. She let out a grunt as the water made contact with her head. Bluestone pawed at her head, dragging a paw over her ear.

"Stupid rain," muttered Bluestone as she continued onward. Lilythorn's path led to the old Twoleg place. The blue-grey wondered as she stared down at the broken twigs. As she neared, she could hear rushed whispers. As she stepped inside, she could see the gold and white pelt of Lilythorn hidden in the shadows.

"Lilythorn?" mewed Bluestone as she stepped inside. Grateful, to be out of the rain. She spotted Lilythorn shoving something into a corner. The gold and white she-cat whipped around, her blue eyes showing surprise.

"Bluestone-"

Bluestone tuned her out. The blue-grey she-cat was more focused on the cat near the corner.

"Wow. I can't believe your here," mewed Bluestone, her eyes sliding towards Lilythorn. Her cold grey eyes held distrust.

18. The Reveal

"Lilythorn you never told her about us did you?," asked the cat impatiently. His blue eyes sparkling in the shadows. Bluestone turned towards the mysterious cat, hissing.

"Shut it." The gold and white she-cat that stood there stunned now snapped back into reality.

"Really!? You're telling me, that I'm breaking the code. Look at you! You heap of fox-dung," spat Lilythorn. Bluestone let out a rude laughter.

"Ha! Lilythorn really? I seen the way you moon over Wolfclaw. But you know what? You can't get him. You're mad because things can't go your way. You don't have to do things because those stupid lover toms do it for you," snarled Bluestone, unsheathing her claws.

"Because, look what you did to Hollyripple! You almost killed her!" snarled Lilythorn, completely changing the subject.

Bluestone pulled her lips back in a snarl.

"She abused me. She hated me. See these scars! They were caused by Thunderclan. But look at you, you're clean pelt. Your not even a warrior! Just another trickster rogue that makes clan cats fall in love so they can do her dirty work!"

The cat sat there, narrowing his eyes at both she-cats.

"That. Is. Not. True," hissed Lilythorn.

Bluestone felt her fur bristle along the spine. She leaped onto Lilythorn. Her claws latched onto her shoulder, bringing the gold and white she-cat down. They tussled on the floor. Bluestone shoving her "sister" face into the dirt while Lilythorn kicked her in the belly.

Bluestone let out a hiss, raking her claws across Lilythorn's face,

half-sheathed. She let loose a little, but loose enough to kick Bluestone off. The blue-grey she-cat landed near the catmint. A jolt of pain was sent through her spine. She leaped towards on her paws, sprinting towards the dazed Lilythorn. The gold and white she-cat let out a cry of alarm as Bluestone slammed into her side.

She grabbed Bluestone's sides, raking her claws down her flank. They both collided into heaps of fur as they rolled around. Until, they tumbled into the cat. The cat let out a hiss, grabbing Lilythorn from Bluestone.

They were breathing short, ragged breaths as they glared at each other. Blood welled up from Lilythorn's shoulder while blood dripped from Bluestone's flank. The cat sank his paws into Lilythorn's shoulder, dragging the she-cat away from the face-off.

"What is wrong with you two!" snarled the cat. His blue eyes glancing between them.

Bluestone growled at him but sat on the dirt. She started licking her wounds, not even caring she hurt Lilythorn.

"You could've blinded her," said the cat gently. She heard soft paws creeping towards her. Bluestone snapped her head up, startling the tom.

"Like she could've used her eyesight for something good," snorted Bluestone, glancing at Lilythorn. The gold and white she-cat was licking her wounds, wincing every now and again. She glanced back up at the tom. The rain filled the tension that thinned the air.

"Besides that isn't the point," grumbled Bluestone, standing up. Her sharp grey gaze turned onto him. "What are you doing here?"

"Finally," murmured the cat softly. "Well you see, I'm-"

"We know who you are," spat Bluestone, hearing Lilythorn come over.

"How do you know?" asked Lilythorn, turning her blue gaze onto her sister. Lilythorn had cleaned the blood and flattened her fur over the wounds.

"Because, Jay here tried to rape me when I brought the jay home..." Bluestone trailed off, gazing at him, oddly. The silver tom flinched under that accusation but shrank even further as Lilythorn turned to glare at him. "Well, he didn't actually rape me. But stopped his associate from doing it," she added quickly.

Lilythorn let out a "hmph" before sitting down. Bluestone shook her head, trying to wrap her heads around things. Is this a sign from Starclan? Was Jay an enemy waiting to be caught? Was he fighting for the clans or is this all trick? Was he trying to escape from something? But why?

She looked up, spotting Jay glancing around. His silver ears flattening against his skull. They sat there in silence except for the occasional scraping of claws.

Who was the other cat? Why tell Thunderclan he is back? Why did he mention Hollyripple? D-did she have something to do with him?

Bluestone snapped her head up, startling the other cats.

"Jay, who was the cat with you?"

The silver tom stared at her, his eyes clouding in a flashback. All of a sudden, he started shivering as if the memory scared him. Instantly, Lilythorn was at his side, pressing against him. Bluestone sighed, her claws digging into the ground.

"Bluestone, I can help you. I won't tell you my associates. You will have to find that out yourself. Those missing kits and queens. They are with us."

The blue-grey she-cat looked at him, wearily. Exhaustion washed over her, even though it was barely sun-high. The silver tom held her gaze, his blue eyes glowing with determination. She wanted to snap at him, telling him that she knew that already. But, instead she bottled down her anger as she gazed at the two.

"Why," Lilythorn asked before Bluestone.

The gold and white she-cat had parted from Jay, and was sitting near Bluestone. Her tail curled over her own paws. Jay fixed his

stare on both of them.

"Because, that Echokit showed me there too more to world than revenge. I wanted revenge because my mother was killed by a fox on your territories. But that kit showed me more," mewed Jay, his blue eyes shining with tears.

Bluestone paused at the mention of Echokit. The energetic kit that didn't care about what the others think. She purred slightly at the memories of the kit.

"Alrigh-"

"Meet me here tomorrow at midnight. I suggest you don't bring anybody else but that is up to you," mewed Jay quickly. His thin silver tail lashing in the air.

Bluestone flicked an ear, quietly lashing her own tail in the air. Light pawsteps filled the silence of consideration. They both flickered their heads up to see another cat coming through. His fur and eyes all too familiar to Bluestone.

"Stormfang.." whispered Bluestone, trembling slightly. The pale grey tom turned his gaze on her, surprise flickering in his gaze.

"Jay, when you said you were looking for a certain she-cat, I didn't think you met this one.." trailed off Stormfang, turning his gaze back onto Jay.

The pale silver tom shifted uncomfortably on his paws as he gazed at Stormfang and Bluestone.

"Well Stormfang, I didn't think you and Bluestone had history considering..."

Bluestone glared at Jay, her grey eyes giving away nothing. The blue-grey she-cat sighed, avoiding his curious gaze. Instead, she focused on a piece of leaf dangling from a group of its own family.

"I better go," murmured Bluestone, flicking her head up. Stormfang's gaze met hers as they filled with curiosity and hurt. "Aspenfall should be back from patrol."

That's when Stormfang's gaze filled with betrayal and hate. But not hatred for her. Hatred for the same dark grey tom that stole Bluestone's heart. She gulped, and sprinted off. She crashed through ferns and trees. Not caring, if the branches whipped at her or the thorns pricking her. But she couldn't spin her mind around the same pale grey tom that loved her. Or still loves her?

How did Stormfang even know Jay?

Bluestone sighed, spotting the familiar bramble tendrils from lengths off. She veered off the path, into shrubs and ferns. The musky scent of ferns clung to her pelt as she stalked through the bushes. Her blue-grey pelt hidden the shadows of the tree shades. Sunlight warmed her pelt, sending shivers up her spine.

She slipped inside the bramble tendrils. Thunderclan scent weighed heavily on her as she inhaled. The scent of fresh-killed filled her nose, making her mouth water.

"Hey Bluestone," purred a sweet voice.

Bluestone paused in her step; a smile tugging at her lips. She turned her head, spotting the dark blue eyes she fell in love with. Aspenfall smiled, nuzzling her. She purred at his sign of affection; his warm breath hot on her muzzle.

"I've craving a squirrel right about now," murmured Aspenfall in her ear. His warm breath tickling her. Bluestone rolled her eyes at the hungry tom, flicking his ear.

"You just had to ruin the moment. Stop thinking with your belly please," teased Bluestone sprinting off from the gawking tom. She giggled at Aspenfall tackled her to the ground. She ignored the stares of disgust coming her way as she nuzzled his neck.

The tom let out a purr, entwining his tail with hers. Bluestone smiled, pushing the tom off of her. She ignored her mud stained fur as she reached over to grab the squirrel. The fresh-kill pile had been moved from it's usually spot to under the HighLedge. Sadly, it was still raining and the pile wasn't as stocked.

She hauled it out, careful not to knock over any into the rain. Instantly, the squirrel because soaked as she stepped out from the cover. All the mud was washed off her pelt, leaving only a few specks of it.

She spotted her lazy tom, lounging near the warriors den. He was under the safety of a canopy of trees. She plopped the prey on his paws, and laid next to him. She pressed her soaked fur against his, as she gazed over the camp. The camp was much quieter without the kits and elders.

She sighed, resting her head on her paws. While Aspenfall rambled on about Shadowclan, she couldn't wrap her head around Stormfang. The blue-grey she-cat closed her eyes; thinking of all those moments she spent with Stormfang.

The pale grey tom that saved her from killing herself. The one that told me to be strong. Instead, she abandoned him, for Aspenfall. She looked up at Aspenfall to see the tom was staring, silently as his half-eaten squirrel. But, she couldn't be anymore happy with the dark grey tom. She purred against him, entwining their tails once more.

Aspenfall glanced down at her, a smile tugging at his lips. His dark blue eyes bore into hers for only a moment before flickering somewhere else. Bluestone scowled, following his gaze. She winced inwardly as he stared at Lilythorn and Clouddust. She didn't hear or scent Lilythorn coming in. She shook her head, clearing out the thoughts.

It was not weird to see those two together. But it was weird that Aspenfall was staring after them, like a lost puppy. She resisted a growl, before she pushed herself up. She ignored the whine from Aspenfall and walked away from him. If the tom wanted to stare after she-cats, she would give him the cold shoulder.

Instead of melting down like any other she-cat, she went to her parent. The closest cat she would of thought to her as a parent, would be Kestrelstalk. The brown and cream tom spent his time mourning in the den. Finchstar's death affected him more than anyone else.

She sprinted towards the den. She poked her head inside to see Kestrelstalk curled up in his nest as usually. As she stepped inside, he gave a warning growl. Bluestone snorted. The she-cat walked into the den, straight towards Kestrelstalk. The tom let out a muffled sob as Bluestone neared. She lowered her ears, sadly. She nudged the tom, practically shoving him off his nest.

"Grieving over Finchstar won't do anything!" snapped Bluestone. But she couldn't help but seep venom into each words. She could never forget what that tom did to her. The cream and brown tom snapped his head up, pulling his lips back into a snarl. His eyes were swollen and puffy as if he'd been crying everyday.

"That same tom, was my best friend when no one else was. My mother died in kitting leaving me alone. My father abandoned me, the other kits wouldn't play with me because my own father spread lies about me. He was an apprentice. He didn't have to show kindness to me but he did. But one day, he fell sick with greencough. The medicine cat before me knew he would die. So you know what I did," hissed Kestrelstalk.

Bluestone wrapped her tail, comfortable around the tom.

"I snuck out. I searched till dawn for catmint to save his life. Of course, I was punished but it didn't kill me to know I saved someone's life. That's when I knew I wanted to become a medicine cat. Of course, all the other cats teased me except Finchpaw. He stood up for me," sighed Kestrelstalk, pressing against Bluestone's soaked pelt.

"And I was eternally grateful for him. But knowing he died and I did nothing just hurts."

Bluestone nodded sadly, pressing her chin against his head. I remember how you felt. The hate, the abuse. No one deserves that but we got it.

"Kestrelstalk, no one deserves death. But it is part of life. Let him go. You'll meet with him one day but I hope that day isn't soon," purred Bluestone slightly. She watched as Kestrelstalk lifted his head.

His green eyes gazing in amusement; a smile tugging at the corner of his lips. He cuffed Bluestone gently, giving her a teasing purr. His tail lashing in the air as he parted from her.

"When did you get so wise? You were just little kit last time I checked," teased Kestrelstalk, his eyes lighting up like they used to, before. The soft rain filled the silence they had for a few moments.

For once she was happy. Glad to have someone care for her like Kestrelstalk and Aspenfall. Maybe her life wasn't so miserable.

So, closer to the end of the chapter, Kestrelstalk expressed some feelings for Finchstar. I guess you would say he has a different sexuality. But it would be revealed further on. But I hope you enjoy this chapter!

19. A Mother's Strength

Greydove's POV

"I'm hungry."

"I need water."

"Mom, I'm cold."

"I think I'm bleeding."

Greydove lifted her head weakly, spotting her kits curled around each other, staring out from the den. Their fur caked with dirt and dried blood. Especially, Echokit. Her poor kit was abused by that Stone again. There were hidden scars and scratches the kit hid. She almost would of never found it, if that pale silver tom hadn't told her.

She glanced at the elders. Their ribs jutted out as well as their fur. Their cheeks were especially hollow. She stiffly watched as Fawndapple, yelled at the guards again. Curses were flying from her mouth as she argued with the guards.

She stood up, her legs almost collapsing beneath her. She wobbled towards her kits and pushed them back. She smiled at them weakly, giving them each a lick. She hobbled towards the guards, glaring at Fawndapple till she stopped. The pale brown she-cat gave her a confused look but she ignored it.

"Excuse me, but my kits are starving. We need food now. It's no use to a bargain if we're dead," growled Greydove, her eyes narrowing accusingly at the guards. The mottled brown tom turned towards her, lust clouding his eyes.

"I'll give you food if you give me something in return," he grinned.

Greydove almost vomited but luckily another tom stopped him.

"That's enough Bark, that is no way to treat our prisoner," growled the dark tom. Bark, lowered his head in defeat before turning away. The dark colored tom turned towards her. "You want food, you're gonna have to fight for it," he sneered.

Greydove could hear her kits loud protest as she considered it. She heard the elders croaking at her "to get back." But she couldn't bring herself to say no.

"Who do I have to fight," she weakly sputtered out.

The mews of protest grew louder that Fawndapple had to hold her kits back. She met the pale brown she-cat's gaze and she nodded. Greydove smiled weakly at her kits before turning back to the tom. He smirked, beckoning her out.

Greydove weakly stepped out, narrowing her own eyes. It's been so long since she seen sunlight and it was hurting her eyes. She watched the tom leap onto a moss covered rock, gazing over the camp.

"Cats gather beneath me!" he yowled. Greydove watched with astonishment as all the rogues and loners gathered. It was surely more than any clan. "Today, we'll have some fun." He paused while the cheers erupted. "This prisoner thinks she can beat one of us! Well, I think not. So who would like to fight her."

She flinched as yowls erupted from the crowd. Each cat begging to fight her. Her throat suddenly became dry as a light grey she-cat stepped from the crowd. Her blue green eyes shining with amusement as the tom picked her.

"It would be an honor, Dark," purred the she-cat as she turned to face Greydove.

Her tongue because dry as sandpaper as she faced the light grey she-cat. The other was more well-fed and was most likely more skilled than Greydove.

"Whenever you want to fight, Lilath."

Greydove's gaze slipped away to a pale silver tom sitting at the edge

of the circle. His blue eyes glowing with sorrow as he watched the she-cat circle around Greydove like prey.

Greydove watched with narrow slits as the she-cat launched at her. All the weight was take from her back legs as she leaped in the air. Greydove was able to time it as she slid under Lilath, raking her claws along her hind legs. The she-cat let out a hiss, landing on the other side of Greydove.

"You're pretty fast for such a small little kitty," growled Lilath.

"You're rather small for such slow movements. You've been eating too much haven't you," retorted Greydove. The she-cat's eyes blazed with rage as she raced at her with claws extended.

Greydove smirked to herself as Lilath sprinted towards her, head off. Of course, Lilath smirked in satisfaction, anticipating that Greydove would run into her claws. Greydove leaped as they were close, her belly grazing Lilath's ears. She twisted in the air, landing on Lilath's shoulders. She dug them deep till she felt she was halfway near the bone.

Lilath let out a piercing shriek, rolling to the around. As she rolled, Greydove leaped but no before landing a couple blows to her muzzle. Greydove landed a couple of mouse-lengths from her. Her claws dripping with blood as she stared at Lilath.

The crowd let out hisses at Lilath as she stood up. Her blue green eyes blazed in defeat and anger. But that didn't stop her from racing after Greydove. Her smirk turned to a frown as Lilath landed in front of her in the matter of minutes. Lilath leaped at her, pinning Greydove ground. She hissed, as Lilath dug her claws into her hind leg.

Greydove growled, using one free paw to club Lilath on the head. She let out a irritated hiss, trying to bite at Greydove's paw. That gave her time to reach for her neck. Lilath let out a yelp of surprise, as Greydove flipped from under her. She dug her fangs into Lilath's scruff, shaking her. Blood welled up on the wound from Lilath's scruff.

After a few moments, she dropped the unconscious Lilath on the ground. She kicked her flank watching as Lilath let out a groan. She looked up to see the stunned faces of the crowd. Even Dark and the pale silver tom looked surprised.

"I assume you want this one alive," mewed Greydove after a few moments of silence. Dark snapped out of his trance, growling. He flicked his tail from the cats to take Lilath out.

"You fight surprising well, prisoner."

Greydove grinned to herself as he mewed to the guards to take a rabbit to the prisoner's den. She frowned as she spotted a skinny rabbit heading her kits' way. She growled at Dark as the tom smirked at her.

"You have to do better if you want better food," he hissed. Greydove grumbled a curse as he signaled for two cats to step inside. Inside stepped a reddish brown she-cat and a black she-cat. She almost whimpered as the two she-cats smirked at each other. A murmur reaching her ears.

"Two of the greatest fighters. That prisoner is as good as dead."

Instead, she shook her head bracing herself as the two cats raced sprinted towards her. She held her ground. *I'm doing it for my kits. I love them. Even if they are half Shadowclan. I will survive for them*. She looked up, gritting her teeth as the cats neared. *They are my pride. They are my strength.*

20. The Gathering

The rain washed away any scents from the forest. Droplets slide down the leaves and onto the ground. The wet mud clung to her paws as she maneuvered through them. Her fur plastered to her side from the drizzle moments ago. Her white paws became stained with mud as she gingerly stepped into the mud. She ignored the squelching sound as she shuffled around. Bile rose in her throat as she got to the place where Finchstar was killed.

All the blood had been washed away by the rain. But the memories still remained. It was buried deep into her mind as she imagined Finchstar's body laid inside the clearing. She shivered as she remembered how brutally he was murdered. The imprint of his body still showed a bit in the mud. She forced down her anguish as she sat down.

The only way to get rid of your fear is to face it. She pictured Finchstar's body. Claw Marks lined around his flank. Bite marks on his tail and ears. Half of his ear torn off while the other was shredded. A deep slash mark was on his neck. His glassy green eyes held so much fear that Bluestone couldn't even imagine all the pain. He suffered so much. But he deserved it.

She gulped, digging her claws into the ground. She glanced around spotting tufts of Finchstar's fur caught on the bushes. She stared hard at the place where she found him. The occasional shuffling of mice drifted towards her ears, but she ignored it.

"Bluestone?"

She whipped around, her grey eyes wide with alert. She watched as the cat backed off a bit; noticing her claws unsheathe. She lowered her hackles, once she realized who it was.

"What is it Wolfclaw?" muttered Bluestone, sheathing her claws back.

The grey and white tom narrowed his eyes, lashing his tail.

"Why are you back here?"

She rolled her eyes, resisting a glance back at the clearing.

"Shouldn't it be obvious," snapped Bluestone. "I'm trying to face my fear," she added as she saw Wolfclaw's confused look.

His dark blue eyes lit up with amusement.

"Aww! The big bad Bluestone is afraid of death," teased Wolfclaw sarcastically. Bluestone hissed, stepping forward till she was nose to nose with him.

"And where was this good Wolfclaw going? I presume to Willowpaw," growled Bluestone. She smirked inwardly as she hit a nerve in Wolfclaw. The grey and white tom's fur began to bristle as he glared at her.

"I love her! And she loves me! Besides today is a gathering and I'm going to see her."

She rolled her eyes, flicking her tail at him. She shifted around him, and walked away. Anger and regret radiated off his pelt. She felt the heat of his glare on her as she raced back towards camp. Her breath coming out as soft snow crystals. *Leaf Bare's coming.* She sighed, resisting a roll of her shoulders as she slowed to a stop. Her paws ached a bit from running on the mud. She grumbled a curse as she heard nearing voices. *Wait! Of course there is going to be voices, I'm near camp.*

She pushed away the bramble tendrils, immediately being welcome by the warmth. She smiled softly but faded away quickly. She missed Greydove's kits. She missed her friend's snarky responses. She forced down the feeling of anguish and glanced over at the warrior's den. She spotted faint outlines of a few warriors.

She lifted her muzzle, scenting the familiar scent that used to wrap around her. She spotted the loving dark grey tom by the medicine cat den. His dark blue eyes distant and unwavering. Her throat constricted as she watched Kestrelstalk push something towards

him. He's holding a secret.

She watched as Aspenfall snapped back to reality, quickly picking up the herbs before disappearing into the apprentice den. She sighed, drawing herself to her full height before marching towards Scartalon. The black and white tom was sitting with Petalfire. Laughter filled the air as she neared.

"What is it Bluestone?"

Bluestone blinked in surprise as Scartalon addressed her. His blue eyes not moving away from the ginger she-cat.

"I was wondering if I could go to the gathering today.. Since I haven't been to one ever," she added quickly. Her pelt heated up in embarrassment as Scartalon slowly turned towards her. His icy blue eyes showing recognition.

"I guess so..," mewed Scartalon, his voice thick with regret. Bluestone nodded, throwing Petalfire a suspicious look. The ginger she-cat lowered her head and was staring at her paws. She shrugged off the emotion, before bounding forward. She reached the apprentice den in less than a minute before heading inside.

She spotted Aspenfall curled in the corner, his eyes distant once more. His paw were tucked under his chest as he looked up towards her.

"Aspenfall are you okay?" murmured Bluestone, pressing a paw on his shoulder.

The dark tom looked up, anger filling his eyes. He swiped at her paw, missing. Bluestone retracted, her heart cracking every second she stared at Aspenfall. He hissed at her, trying to blend in with the den cave.

"Stay away from me, Bluestone. I'm nothing. You deserve better. You deserve Stormfang," he growled sadly, his eyes drifting away from her grey ones. Bluestone resisted a growl of irritation.

"I don't love him." Aspenfall let out a shaky laugh.

"You don't know what I've done Bluestone. What I've gone through."

Bluestone resisted the tears clouding her eyes. She blinked them back, raising a paw to wipe her nose. She turned on him with fake anger.

"You know what I've gone through. You know what I've been accused off. So don't you dare sit there and say your life has been hard. Whatever you done! I bet it isn't half as bad as what I've been through," spat Bluestone.

She shook out her ruffled pelt before stomping out of the den. The wind carrying his whisper to her ears.

"I hope you can forgive me Bluestone. But I'll always love you..."

Bluestone faintly smiled at his whisper, flicking her tail.

"I will always love you..." she thought, sadly.

"Those who will be going to the gathering will be Russetclaw, Hollyripple, Nettleclaw, Lilythorn, Bluestone, and Petalfire," yowled Scartalon from the HighLedge.

Bluestone smiled in satisfaction but that quickly disappeared when Mosspelt stood up. His grey and white fur outlined in the moonlight. His bright blue eyes tiresome.

"We cannot bring that monster with us, Scarstar!" snapped Mosspelt, anger firing in his eyes.

"For the last time Mosspelt it's Scartalon! And I say bring Bluestone. She hasn't been to a gathering yet," spat the black and white tom.

Bluestone sighed, forcing her fur to lie flat. Her grey eyes glaring at the grey and white tom.

"Then the clans will turn against us!"

Bluestone's glare turned to questioning. She turned back onto Scartalon who seemed to back off a bit. His blue eyes calculating Mosspelt's reasoning. Except, no one will tell her what that meant!

She growled in frustration turning towards the cats around her. Everything had gone quiet even Aspenfall had snuck out and was glaring at Mosspelt. He turned his stare onto Bluestone. The blue-grey she-cat seemed to shrink under his gaze.

"I'll go with her, to make sure..." trailed off Aspenfall, the dark tom shifting his paws.

Bluestone resisted a hiss of annoyance. *I can take care of myself*. She watched Scartalon's expression. His mouth crinkled in thought as he scanned the crowd until it landed on the blue-grey warrior.

"Alright," mewed Scartalon, reluctantly.

Bluestone sighed, bounding over to the dark tom. Aspenfall turned his unwavering gaze onto her, amusement twinkling in his eyes.

"Don't think you can escape me," he growled playfully, getting into a playful crouch.

The blue-grey warrior rolled her eyes, whacking him with her tail. It's like everything that happened was forgotten. Is his physical and emotional state okay? Bluestone shook her head, watching as Aspenfall batted at her tail, happiness glinting in his eyes.

The moonlight glared on the blue-grey warrior. She shielded herself from the moonlight and dove into the shadows of the undergrowth. The shadows danced on her pelt as she walked by Wolfclaw. The grey and white tom seemed skittish at first but calmed down a bit.

She sighed, pricking her ears as she heard a twig snap. Whispers followed but soon fell to silence. She could see the outline of Petalfire's ginger pelt as she walked close to Scartalon. Their heads close in a murmur.

Bluestone held her head up as she gazed over the tall grass. Her blue-grey pelt was clearly visible in the grass as she watched her clanmates precede towards the bridge. She bounded forward, keeping behind them. She watched as Aspenfall bounded onto the tree bark. His claws digging into the bark as he walked forward.

She growled as Aspenfall threw her a cheeky look for jumping off

into the island. She placed a paw on the log, pushing it to make sure it was steady. She stepped onto the bridge, that was coated with all the clans' scents. She sneezed as she jumped off the other end, wiping her nose on her paw. Bluestone shakily stood up, her head swiveling around.

"Where is everybody?"

Silence filled the air as Bluestone froze. No birds, no chatter, no pawsteps just silence. The dead-like silence sent a chill up her spine as she took a step. She felt Aspenfall brush against her, comfortably as she pushed back the undergrowth.

She gulped. All the eyes were on her. Blood roared in her ears as growls rumbled from their throats. She looked up, locking eyes with Scartalon. His blue eyes held so much fear and regret. She'd been so focus on Scartalon she didn't notice this pale grey tom sneaking up to her.

He launched onto Bluestone, knocking her to the ground. The blue warrior hissed, raking her claws down her attacker's spine. She heard the yowls of "Stop!" but the tom wouldn't stop. He kept raking his claws down her head, belly. Until a certain cat, reached up and pulled the tom off of her.

She stood up, blinking back blood from her ears. She saw Stormfang pinning down a pale grey and russet tom to the ground. A snarl curled at his lips.

"Let me go Stormfang! I'm your brother," spat the tom.

Bluestone blinked in surprise, leaning against the bark. Stormfang stood frozen, a paw mid-way from the tom's throat.

"You will never be my brother, Rushclaw. Rapidwillow will never be my mother. Willowheart will never be sister. I have no family," he mewed, coldly.

Bluestone sat in shock at his cold voice. The pale grey tom stepped off his half-brother, letting him race back to a large pale grey tom and a russet she-cat. Stormfang stared at them before snapping his

dark blue eyes towards her. Betrayal shining She winced as she saw how cold they got, not the warmth it held before.

He walked towards her, ignoring the growls from Windclan. He helped her up, letting him lean on him as he walked around the crowd. Her head ached in pain and her paws hurt. There was a small cut above her eye but nothing major.

She growled in pain as Stormfang dropped her against a rock. Her back slightly hitting it.

"Toughen up. This is going to get worst," muttered Stormfang, his fur bristling as Aspenfall caught up with him.

Bluestone snorted, glancing up at the leaders. They all looked stunned but anger creeped into their gazes. She spotted a ginger pelt slinking in the shadows; it's pelt positioned behind the rock.

Dark clouds raced across the sky; pale moonlight shining on the clan cats. Their pelts bristling and claws extended. Finally, Scartalon leaped down from his rock despite the hisses from the other leaders. The black and white tom stood in front of Bluestone, his sharp blue eyes gazing across the clan cats.

"Lakestar, Blossomstar, Shadestar," drawled Scartalon, his tail lashing back and forth. "Explain to me why we are hissing in the first place?"

Bluestone stood up; a growl rumbling from Stormfang's throat. She snapped her cold grey eyes towards him, making him shrink back slightly. She snorted at him; walking up beside Scartalon. An old grey she-cat jumped down from the rock; walking slowly to Scartalon. Her pale green eyes scanning Bluestone.

"Well, well... An offspring of the murder," sneered the old grey she-cat. "I'm surprised Scartalon that Finchstar didn't have the nerve to go here because of that. And besides have you forgotten what it did to your mate! And my kits," snarled Lakestar; venom seeping behind every word.

Bluestone perked her ears up in surprised. Scartalon had a mate?

The black and white tom growled, his icy blue eyes glaring at the old leader.

"Lakestar. Finchstar is dead," he mewed coldy. Lakestar eyes didn't widen in surprise, she only narrowed her eyes.

"She did it! That murder's kit did it," cried a voice.

Bluestone held back a growl; spotting a white she-cat slinking over. Stormfang growled in surprise and he shoved himself forward.

"Willowheart get back," he whispered fiercely. Her dark grey ears flicked back; her green eyes holding amusement.

"Oh dear brother, you don't tell me want to do..."

Bluestone sighed; shoving the pale grey warrior back. As well as a russet she-cat pulled the white cat back.

"Scartalon, how are you sure that murder isn't killing any of us," mewed a black tom, point a claw at Bluestone.

"Because Shadestar, she doesn't know.." sighed Scartalon, lowering his head in defeat.

Bluestone stepped back in surprise, glancing around her. She spotted a few confused faces but also some faces of despair and sorrow. She glanced over her shoulder; spotting Hollyripple nearby. Her dark green eyes holding regret as she glanced over at Nettleclaw. His golden-brown fur bristled and his dark blue eyes clouded in a flashback.

"Know what?" asked Bluestone, glancing around her clan.

She spotted a few gathered closer to her. Hollyripple glanced at her, her bushy tail brushing across her flank. Her dark green eyes met her grey ones.

"The secret of your birth, Bluestone.."

21. Secret Birth

She dug her claws into the ground; Her normal calm and cold demeanor slowly changed and her face contorted in anger; her nostrils flaring, her eyes flashing. Her lips pulled back into a snarl showing sharp, white fangs. Her heartbeat increased; blood roaring in her eyes. She felt a paw on her shoulder but she jerked away, wordless, and sat on the cold dirt.

"Everything I knew was a lie..," Bluestone hissed under her breath. She heard the shifting of paws and the murmurs,

She lifted her gaze; meeting Hollyripple's dark green eyes.

"Everything I knew was a lie," yowled Bluestone, digging her claws into dirt.

"I-I'm sorry Bluestone. I really am.."

The blue warrior growled, the fur along her spine lifting up. Does that all she have to say? Sorry? Bluestone shook her head; standing up. Muttering a curse, she pushed back Aspenfall. The dark grey tom ignored her warning; instead shoved his head into her shoulder. His warm breath tickling her ruffled neck fur. The blue warrior hissed; pulling away. Tears pricked at her eyes; threatening to fall. She heaved in a breath; glancing around.

She spotted Scartalon and the other leaders in a heated argument. Blossomstar, leader of Windclan, looked ready to rip Shadestar's throat out. Her dark green eyes glistened with anger as she snapped at him. Lakestar, on the other hand, had a bloodlust look haunting her eyes. She caught the Riverclan leader glancing between her and Scartalon. Bluestone resisted a hiss of irritation as the crowd started to argue.

The blue warrior growled in response; catch the attention of warriors. She flattened her ears; glaring at them. Of course, they payed no attention and continued arguing. Suddenly, there was

tight, bright blackness appearing in a mist nearby. Her eyes burned as the darkness moved towards her; shoving itself down her throat, choking her. The air was heavy and thumped against her chest. She exhaled and inhaled, heavily. Her muscles tightened against the commands that echoed in her ears. Run. Move. Nothing happened. She let out a gasp; anxiety sprouting inside her. She took off from the gathering place; ignoring the surprised murmurs.

She launched herself into the small forest on the island. Branches and twigs whipped at her paws; thorns pricked at her, taking lumps of fur off. She sucked in a breath; suddenly overwhelmed by the mixed scents of all clans. She pricked her ears. Ignoring the pain in her body, she raced on. Every muscle in her body protested. Blood trickled down her cheek from the previous cut on her eyes. Suddenly she heard the swishing of water. She let out a yelp of happiness; exploding from the cover of the trees. She landed on the sandy beach, near the bridge.

She looked over her shoulder; surprise widening her eyes. Drops of blood landed on the trees were she exploded from. She shrugged; pain shooting up her forepaw. Looking down, blood sprouted from the abrasion on her shoulder. It traveled down her fur giving her a spark of energy and happiness. She shrugged the unusual feeling; licking the blood off her shoulder. But she couldnt shake the feeling off. *Did I just enjoy pain?*

She shook out her fur; waiting for the nearby voices to come forward. Soon enough, the first rays of sunlight streaked across the sky. The moon, still covered by dark clouds, started vanishing, leaving a dark sky being lit up. She caught a glance of a familiar black and white pelt maneuvering through the trees. She watched Scartalon emerge a weary expression on his face...

They walked in silence towards the camp. The scrape on her shoulder still hurt but it was blocked by exhaustion. Bluestone sighed in relief as they finally arrived at the camp entrance. She was about to move in but was stopped by Scartalon.

"You three tell her. I'll tell the clan what happened."

Bluestone shifted her paws; casting a look over her shoulder. A

whimper escaped her mouth as she realized it was still following behind. The tightness in her chest contracted; she inhaled sharply. Her paws ached from walking, not to mention the pain in her shoulder.

Scartalon nodded, solemnly before stepping into the camp. Bluestone sighed. She felt sorry for the black and white tom. Grey hairs started covering his muzzle despite him being young. She caused the stress.

Bluestone stood in the midst of warriors; as they weaved through the bramble entrance. She watched as they threw looks of pure hatred, disgust, and even pity. She turned away. Anger boiling inside. She was angry, angry at Hollyripple for not telling her the truth. Angry at Aspenfall for not being there. And most of all, she was angry at herself.

"Come on Bluestone."

She casted a look in front of her; a look full of hatred and longing. Aspenfall flinched at her stare (which he usually didn't do).

The dark tom sighed, brushing his muzzle against hers. The gentle movement made Her heart leap. He nipped below her jaw making her jump. The tom purred softly, licking her cheek.

"I love how I could always make you jump," murmured Aspenfall.

They stood there for a few moments before an awkward cough interrupted them. The dark tom pulled away; looking over his shoulder. He hissed in annoyance before abruptly stalking into camp.

Bluestone gritted her teeth in frustration. *Can I just have a moment alone*? She whipped around; ready to lash out on the cat. But only realizing it was Stormfang. The pale tom smiled weakly but his eyes were filled with sorrow.

"I didn't mean to interrupt you two," mewed Stormfang, venom coating you two.

"We're over Stormfang. Why can't you just leave it," she snapped.

Bluestone watched as Stormfang twitched in the shadows. His body engulfed with shadows while only his head stuck out. Suddenly, much to Bluestone surprise, he raced out; tackling the blue warrior. They landed in a heap of fur; giggling.

But his tone grew serious. "Because, our love story isn't over. I didn't want it to end. If you love Aspenfall more than fine. I lost the most beautiful she-cat. But I never was with Flamecloud, nor will I ever be."

Stormfang pulled away; leaving a vast amount of space between them. *Don't lose control. Don't lose control*. Bluestone heaved in a breath before turning away from the pale warrior. She couldn't succumb to Stormfang. She shook her head before entering into the camp; leaving a heartbroken tom behind.

The blue warrior forced the tears back. *Do not break down. Do not break down*. She sniffed, rubbing her paw across her muzzle. Bluestone blinked rapidly; spotting the dark outline of her mother. She resisted the urge to claw at Hollyripple once she caught up with them. Surrounding Hollyripple was Nettleclaw, Aspenfall, Lilythorn, and Wolfclaw.

Bluestone watched as their calm demeanor slowly melted to a fear filled one. *They better be,* she thought to herself. They sat their in silence for a few moments before the heavy pawsteps jolted them out of their thoughts.

"Hollyripple, you can use my den."

She didn't have to hear to know it was Scartalon. The jet black she-cat nodded solemnly before beckoning the group towards the HighLedge. Bluestone watched as each scrabbled up the tall rock; sending skitters of pebbles down.

Once they settled into the den, Bluestone closest to the den opening. She watched silently as Stormfang soon joined them, a bit reluctant as he saw her pressed against Aspenfall. She hissed as he carried in a familiar brown tabby kit. He set her down gently and Leafkit soon she rushed towards Bluestone; burying her face into her soft fur. She hadn't seen the kit since the fight.. She had been

avoiding the blue warrior.

"So, Bluestone.. the story is.."

The smell of death from the body nearby was covered by the fresh scent of cool rain. It trickled down leaves and off the HighLedge onto her. The clouds created a shade, casting a shadow over the sleek jet black apprentice. She shut her eyes; desperately wanting it to not be true. Tears rolled down her cheeks and onto matted black fur. She had witnessed her mother's death.. It felt as if the world was crashing down, piece by piece around her, and all she could do was watch.

She ignored the rain washing away all her herbs and making her wound stinging with pain. She caused it. It was all because of that stupid kit. She opened one eye, growling as she spotted the brown kit with white flecks that caused all of it. She pushed her nose deeper into her mother's sleek fur; inhaling the scent of death mixed with lavender. The black apprentice stood up, digging her claws into the dirt.

Her dark green blazed with fury as she launched herself onto the kit. Ignoring the gasps from the crowd, she dug her claws into the brown bundle on the bottom. She resisted a smirk as she heard a shriek of pain come from the kit.

"My mother nursed you! She cared for you! And you had to let your jealousy get better of you! You killed her! If you didn't sneak out of camp and went to the battle, she would of been alive!," snarled Hollypaw, her voice cracking. "Nightheart could've been alive if it weren't for you. I wish your were dead, Fawnkit!"

By that time, tears streamed down her face as she dug her claws deeper into her belly. She felt claws sink into her shoulders pulling her away from the screaming kit. Hollypaw hissed shoving the cat away, looking back onto Fawnkit. Blood oozed from a scrape on her shoulder and puncture marks on her belly. Kestrelstalk was already racing from the den, herbs clamped tightly to his jaws.

"Hollypaw-"

Her head whipped up to see Finchstar looming over Fawnkit, disgrace shining in his eyes.

"How could you do this, Nightheart-"

"Stop acting like you knew her! All you knew about her was nothing! She was your deputy, and only that. Flintscar died in battle when I was born. Nightsky died because of that idiotic fox-heart after she nursed her," snapped Hollypaw.

The sleek apprentice broke away from the clan; racing out of camp. Before she crashed through the thorn barrier, she casted one more look at her mother. Nightsky, a beautiful long furred jet black she-cat with kind dark blue eyes. And now because of Fawnkit, she would never see her caring eyes again...

Hollypaw kicked away a pebble, the fur around her eyes matted with tears. ***I'm done crying. It's all Fawnkit's fault*** *. Twigs snapped under the pressure of her paws. She didn't know where she was heading until the pine scent of Shadowclan reached her nose. She looked down at her paws, realizing she was over the border. She hissed as she heard a patrol coming nearby. Despite, her crossing the border, the rain would cover up her scent. Hollypaw growled, racing back into the undergrowth of Thunderclan.*

She clambered up a tree, her claws digging deep into the branch she sat on. Her tail brushed along the tree bark as she gazed down from the safety of the leaves.

"You wouldn't want to do that, Sparrowfang has a knack for looking up into these Thunderclan trees," murmured a voice.

Hollypaw whipped around in surprise, almost falling off the branch. She hissed in annoyance, settling back down. She looked up to see amber eyes gazing down at her.

"What are you doing on Thunderclan territory?," hissed Hollypaw, fluffing out her fur which failed due to the droplets that escaped through the leaves.

The amber eyes shone with amusement.

"What were you doing on Shadowclan territory?" mused the amber eyes.

For once, Hollypaw's fiery spirit died as she remembered what happened

back at camp. She lowered her gaze and stared at the pale brown branch beneath her paws.

"Is something wrong?"

Hollypaw looked up to see the amber eyes had slide down the trunk so now she had a good view of the cat. He was a Shadowclan apprentice, no older than her. He had dark blue-grey fur that looked a deep silver in the shadows. It went well with his blazing amber eyes that was flecked with gold, the outer layers were a dark amber color. She realized she was staring and looked down again.

"My name's Darkpaw by the way. Of Shadowclan if you didn't notice.." trailed off the dark tom, looking embarrassed.

"Thanks for trying to cheer me up, Darkpaw. I'm Hollypaw," she mewed with a chuckle.

She shook out her pelt, sending water droplets everywhere. She heard a hiss of annoyance from Darkpaw making her grin.

"Do you like causing other cats misery," grumbled Darkpaw, licking down his now soaked fur.

Hollypaw let out a soft purr, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"Maybe just you."

Darkpaw let out a huff of amusement, shoving Hollypaw with his muzzle. The black apprentice stumbled farther onto a branch, letting out a giggle. The tom smirked, lashing his tail defensively. Hollypaw smiled even wider, lashing out at the tom. The tom blocked her blow, ramming into her playfully. Hollypaw stumbled back, losing her grip. She let out a yelp of surprise as her legs gave up beneath her.

She sank her claws into the branch, that now started to wobble. She saw Darkpaw scurry onto the branch, sinking his teeth into her scruff. Fear creeping into his amber eyes. Resisting a grin, she tossed a paw over his neck. The tom let out a noise of surprise, lifting his head a bit so he could stare into her dark green eyes.

Hollypaw felt mesmerized by them, as she tossed her other paw over his

neck. The pressure couldn't hold them much longer and they fell...

But they fell, intertwined with each other; mesmerized by each other's gaze. There they fell from the tree, Darkpaw cuddling Hollypaw close to his chest as they landed in a bush with a thud. But not before, the branches whipped at them, sending small droplets of blood everywhere.

A soft groan could be heard from the bush. Hollypaw shook her head; cracking an eye open. She let out a groan, laying her head back onto the soft furry chest beneath her.

"Um, Hollypaw can you get off please," wheezed the apprentice beneath her.

The black apprentice lifted her head weakly, gazing at the dark blue-grey tom beneath her. She let out a squeak of surprise. She hobbled off him, embarrassment heating her pelt.

"Waking up to a pretty she-cat on top of you would make you think you're in Starclan. But I'm pretty sure the pain doesn't exist there," groaned Darkpaw, rubbing his muzzle.

That made her blush even harder as she gazed at him. Darkpaw didn't notice her stare but continued to pick leaves and twigs out of his fur. After a few moments, Darkpaw looked up.

"What-?" His eyes widened in fear, bushing out his fur. "Did I just say you're pretty out loud?"

Hollypaw bit her lip, nodding slowly. Darkpaw froze in fear, his eyes glaring at the spot beside her. Her face flushed red, mortified at his proposal. But yet she felt happiness boil inside her as a grin-

"Really? Hollyripple! How could you feel happy with him!" yowled the golden brown tom, interrupting the story.

Bluestone shot Nettleclaw a glare which he returned, gratefully. The blue-grey she-cat snorted, looking back down at Leafkit. Hollyripple glanced at Bluestone before glaring at the gold warrior.

"Because, Nettleclaw where were you when my mother died? Oh yea comforting Fawnkit the one who murdered Nightheart!

Darkpaw was always there for me," growled the black warrior. Nettleclaw snorted, flicking back his ear.

"Like I was saying," continued Hollyripple with a hiss.

"Come on Hollypaw! Lets go hunting", purred the golden-brown tom, his muscles rippling under his glossy pelt. She stared at him, cocking her head as he bounced in excitement.

"Leave her alone, Nettlepaw. I'll hunt with you," said Fawnpaw sweetly, coming up beside him. The brown she-cat pressed against him. Hollypaw resisted a snort of amusement as Nettlepaw glanced at the mooning she-cat in disgust.

"Actually I think Tallstone wants me to go on a patrol," mewed Nettlepaw, throwing a look at the long limbed grey tom. The golden-brown tom darted away, but looked over his shoulder at Hollypaw. She lowered her gaze towards the brown she-cat with white flecks in front of her.

"He is such a mouse-brain. Nettlepaw is so ignorant sometimes," sighed Fawnpaw, staring after the tom.

Hollypaw swished her tail across the dirt, anger boiling inside her. ***Why is she still here?*** *The black apprentice growled, softly.*

"Move on Fawnpaw."

Her brown pelt bristled slightly as her yellow eyes turned to meet hers. "Do you like him?" asked Fawnpaw coldly. All the sweetness was gone from her voice and was replaced by a bitter tone.

"Of course not," lied Hollypaw, her tone flat and sharp. She gave the brown apprentice a death stare. Hollypaw frowned, her lips pursed together as Fawnpaw kept staring at her. For that moment, her dark green eyes was a weapon, the piercing look could cause a cat to run with its tail between its legs.

"If I owe you that much Hollypaw. If my love is apparently weak to you then I'll move on. For Nightheart," she meowed sadly.

Hollypaw dug her claws into the dirt, her tail lashing back and forth.

Before she could attack Fawnpaw, the apprentice was half way across camp and heading out the entrance.

"You know nothing about Nightheart," she hissed under her breath.

"Try to catch me Darkblaze," yowled Hollyripple, her fur rippling in the wind.

She let out a huff, adrenaline pumping through her veins. She heard Darkblaze let out a hiss of frustration. The scraping of dirt filled her ears; her claws sinking into wet earth. Suddenly, she felt claws sink into her back, pulling her down. She hissed as her back made contact with the dirt. Black spots tainted her vision after she collapsed.

"I caught you," he whispered in her ear. His breath hot on her ear. Hollyripple purred, rubbing her muzzle against his cheek. She laid back into the grass, staring up into amber eyes.

His dark blue-grey fur rubbed against her black one; as he laid next to her. She pushed her head into the crook of his neck, purring against his chest.

"Something's up. You are basically bubbling in excitement," mused Darkblaze, brushing his paw against her side.

Hollyripple pushed back, so she was staring into his eyes.

"Those murders that's happening. First the Shadowclan deputy then Lakestar's kits and her mate. Who's next?"

22. Causes

Hollyripple looked up, her dark green eyes peering to his amber eyes. Restrain and frustration pooled in his eyes as he glanced down at her belly. Feeling self conscious, she tucked in her hind legs and flipped over. She heard Darkblaze let out a sigh, shifting around her. The grass rustling around her.

"You know I'm not pressuring you," he mewed, desperately trying to change the subject.

She shot a glare at the dark tom, pushing herself up. Seriously? Pressuring me? I want kits but... She let out a sigh of frustration

"Stop changing the subject Darkblaze."

The blue-grey tom let out a noise of annoyance, lashing his tail. "I know Nettleclaw asked you to be his mate. And you said yes."

Hollyripple paused, guilt bubbling inside her. She glanced, sideways. "How did you know?"

"I snuck into Thunderclan camp. You are bad at patrolling your borders."

Hollyripple dug her claws into the waving grass. Confusion boiling inside her. That's the same day when Squirrelclaw, the deputy, was murdered. She snuck a glance at him, his amber eyes blazing with fury as he gazed over the Shadowclan land. His plumy tail waved across the dirt, sending pebbles everywhere.

Hollyripple paused, tears pricking at the corners. Bluestone lifted her head from Aspenfall's shoulder, glaring holes into Hollyripple's pelt.

"Aren't you going to continue?" asked Stormfang, coldly from where he was holding back Nettleclaw.

The golden-brown growling, as he dug his claws into Scartalon's moss nest. The black warrior looked up, a sigh escaping her mouth.

"No, I'm not," she mewed. "It's late and Leafkit needs to go to bed."

Bluestone let out a sigh. *The story isn't over. She ended it on purpose. What did Darkblaze do?* She glanced down at the brown kit, curled up between her legs. Her blue eyes snapping open but quickly shutting close.

The blue warrior grabbed a sleepy Leafkit in her jaws, and weaved around the crowded warriors. She paused, as the scent of Stormfang washed over her. She felt a growl rumble in her throat but forced it down as he exited. The weak moonlight glared on her as she spotted Scartalon sitting right outside. His blue eyes glazed over as he looked up.

"Bluestone," he mewed, looking up, "We have two moons."

The blue warrior resisted a whimper, her eyes wavering over to Stormfang. The pale grey tom was standing in the shadows of the den, looking over the camp. *I guess he's joining.*. She let out a sigh, beckoning him over with her tail. Confusion shone in his dark blue eyes as he jumped down from the Highledge.

She tightened her grip on Leafkit, bounding towards the empty apprentice den. She entered the stone den, the cold atmosphere welcoming her. She dropped the brown kit onto a makeshift nest, where the kit curled into a tight ball. She scooped over some old moss with her paws, making the nest bigger to fit her.

"So, you're staying here," mewed Bluestone, making Stormfang jump as from where he was laid down.

"Yes," was all he said. "But Blossomstar has agreed to ally with Thunderclan on a couple of conditions."

"Why are you telling me this," she asked, looking up.

She froze as he met her gaze. "Bluestone, you started this. There's a reason Hollyripple ended the story."

"You mean my birth," she hissed.

"No, you started it. When you first met him, you created a war. You weren't suppose to meet him. He was hunting for his next victim.."

"Who would of been his next victim?" she asked, plopping down next to Leafkit.

"I don't know."

They sat in silence, for a few moments. The soft chirping of the birds filling the air.

"Stormfang, how do you know?" she asked after a few awkward moments.

She stared at him through the shadows. Moonlight shone on his pelt as he shifted towards his. His head cocked towards her. His eyes shimmered with regret and guilt. The shadows poured out from the moonlight; dancing around in the caves.

"I helped him.. I helped him capture a kittypet.. He raped her.. Then forced her to have his kits.. I don't know what happened but after that I ran.. Blossomstar never knew what happened, she only let me go on an expedition when I barely became an apprentice."

Bluestone gazed at him in sorrow before dipping her muzzle towards Leafkit. She ran her muzzle along her mentor's kit.

The one Nightstreak abandoned.

She let Pebblekit use her for training.

Mosspelt caused it..

And now Mosspelt is deputy..

Very, very short chapter. I know, please don't scold me. xD But anyways, so the reason I uploaded this very short chapter was because to at least put a chapter out and to tell you I won't be uploading for a couple of weeks. I decided to redo all the chapters to fix all the grammar and fix the story plot. I noticed

that I had a lot of subplots that I totally forget. Leafkit, being an example.

Anyways, enough of my rant. I hope you enjoyed as always and please comment. Well you don't really have too for this one...